

INSTRUCTIVE RAMBLES

EXTENDED.

VOL. II.

INSTRUMENTS

RECORDS

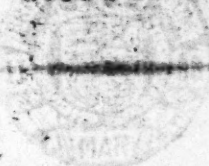
VOL. II

THESE PROCEEDINGS ARE HELD AT THE COURT
OF THE PEACE FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF JOHN A. BROWN
DECEASED
BY THE PETITION OF THE ADMINISTRATOR
JOHN A. BROWN
OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
TO THE COURT OF THE PEACE FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
FOR THE PURPOSE OF THE SALE OF THE REAL ESTATE
OF THE ESTATE OF JOHN A. BROWN
DECEASED
AND FOR THE PURPOSE OF THE SALE OF THE REAL ESTATE
OF THE ESTATE OF JOHN A. BROWN
DECEASED

THE COURT OF THE PEACE FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
DOES hereby order that the real estate of the estate of
JOHN A. BROWN
DECEASED
SHALL BE SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER
FOR CASH
AT THE COURT OF THE PEACE FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
ON THE 10TH DAY OF MARCH 1892
AT 10 O'CLOCK A.M.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I HAVE HEREUNTO SET MY HAND
AND SEAL OF OFFICE
AT THE CITY OF WASHINGTON
THIS 10TH DAY OF MARCH 1892

JOHN A. BROWN



WITNESSED BY ME, CLERK OF THE COURT, ON THIS 10TH DAY OF MARCH 1892

ATTEST: JOHN A. BROWN, CLERK OF THE COURT

JOHN A. BROWN

JOHN A. BROWN

JOHN A. BROWN

JOHN A. BROWN

JOHN A. BROWN

JOHN A. BROWN

JOHN A. BROWN

JOHN A. BROWN



Thurston del.

Mixon sculp.

*Every night poor Rosa lay flowers
on good Lady's grave.*

INSTRUCTIVE RAMBLES

E X T E N D E D

IN

LONDON,

AND

THE ADJACENT VILLAGES.

DESIGNED TO AMUSE THE MIND AND IMPROVE
THE UNDERSTANDING OF YOUTH.

BY ELIZABETH HELME.

“ Knowledge is certainly one of the means of pleasure,
“ as is confessed by the natural desire which every
“ mind feels of increasing its ideas.”

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

London:

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AND SOLD BY
E. NEWBERRY, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1800.

INSTRUCTIVE REMARKS

EXTENDED

LONDON

AND

THE ADJACENT VILLAGES

DESIGNED TO AID THE MIND AND IMPROVE
THE UNDERSTANDING OF YOUTH

BY THE REV. HENRY HOLLIS



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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

London:

Printed by J. G. ALLEN, 10, N. B. ST. N. Y. C.
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1800.

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INSTRUCTIVE RAMBLES

EXTENDED.

CHAP. I.

Ancient Walls of London, their Extent, Course, Towers, &c.—Present Extent of London—London Stone—Supposition respecting its original Use.

THE first day Mr. Richardson was at leisure to consult the amusement of his children, he recollected the promise he had made to accompany them in tracing the old walls of the City; and having given the coachman directions what circuit to keep, they entered the carriage.

“ I must inform you,” said he, addressing Charles and Mary, “ that if you
“ expect to find any great remains of
“ London Wall, you will be disappointed, as the part near Moorfields
“ is now the most entire of any vestige
“ left of that ancient structure.”

“ I should suppose London not to
“ have been very extensive at the time
“ it was thus fortified,” said Charles.

“ You are right: it extended in length
“ only from Ludgate-hill to a spot a little
“ beyond the Tower. Its breadth
“ was not half equal to its length, and
“ at each end it grew considerably narrower. The time in which the wall
“ was built is very uncertain, and different opinions have been formed respecting the founder; though in all
“ probability it might be Constantine
“ the

“ the Great, as a number of coins of
“ his mother, Helena, have been dug
“ up from under the wall, and which
“ have been conjectured to have been
“ placed there in compliment to her.

“ The ancient course of the walls was
“ as follows: as we pass the spots, I
“ will note them to you. First, it be-
“ gan with a fort near the present site
“ of the Tower, was continued along the
“ Minories, and the back of Hounds-
“ ditch, across Bishopsgate-street, in a
“ straight line with that street now called
“ London Wall, to Cripplegate; and
“ then returned southward to Alders-
“ gate, thence along the back of Bull-
“ and-Mouth-street to Newgate, and
“ again along the back of the houses in
“ the Old Bailey to Ludgate: soon after
“ which it finished with a fort in Black-

“ friars ; from whence another wall ran
“ near the river-side, along Thames-
“ street, quite to the fort on the eastern
“ extremity.”

“ My dear Sir,” said Charles, “ with
“ your assistance, when we return home,
“ I will trace with my pencil on the map
“ of London the whole circuit of the
“ ancient walls.”

“ It will be the best method,” an-
“ swered Mr. Richardson, “ as it will give
“ you a proper idea of their situation.
“ The walls were three miles a hundred
“ and sixty-five feet in circumference,
“ guarded at proper distances on the
“ land side with fifteen lofty towers,
“ some of which were remaining within
“ these few years. One twenty-six feet
“ high stood near Gravel-lane, on the
“ west side of Houndsditch ; another
“ about

“ about eighty paces south-east towards
 “ Aldgate; and a third, the basis of
 “ which supported a modern house at
 “ the lower end of a place called Vi-
 “ negar-yard, south of Aldgate. These
 “ walls, when perfect, are supposed to
 “ have been twenty-two feet high, and
 “ the towers forty. These, with the
 “ remains of the wall, proved the Ro-
 “ man structure by the tiles and dispo-
 “ sition of the masonry; of which, how-
 “ ever, you cannot now form any idea
 “ but from the part yet standing near
 “ Moorfields.
 “ The Barbican, or Watch Tower,
 “ I must not neglect to tell you, stood
 “ a little without the walls to the north-
 “ west of Cripplegate; and the prin-
 “ cipal gates which received the great
 “ military

“ military roads were four in number:
“ Aldgate for the east, Aldersgate for
“ the north, Ludgate for the west, and
“ the Bridge-gate over the river Thames
“ for the south. Several other gates
“ and posterns were afterwards added
“ for the convenience of the citizens.”

“ How considerably is London en-
“ larged since that early period !” said
Charles. “ Its circumference was then,
“ I think you informed us, Sir, no more
“ than three miles a hundred and six-
“ ty five feet. I suppose it is now
“ nearly double ?”

“ Its length,” answered Mr. Richard-
son, “ is now above seven miles ; but its
“ greatest breadth is only three, and in
“ some places considerably less.”

“ I have read some account of a large
“ stone,”

“stone,” said Charles, “called London
“Stone; but it appears that the use for
“which it was intended is unknown.”

“It is,” replied Mr. Richardson;
“though it is mentioned by the same
“name as early as the time of Ethelstan,
“King of the West Saxons. A very in-
“genious author observes, and not I think
“improbably, that when London was a
“Roman city, this stone might possibly
“mark the centre from whence they ex-
“tended its dimensions, and might serve
“as the standard from which they began
“to compute their miles.”

Thus conversing, they made their cir-
cuit, and returned home perfectly satis-
fied with their morning's excursion.

CHAP. II.

Charity—A Trial, and a full Confession.

SOME days passed without any particular occurrence, except that Mr. Richardson having inquired the character of old Godfrey, and being perfectly satisfied with it, he exerted his interest, and succeeded in procuring a comfortable shelter for his age in the Charter-house. The old man's gratitude was great; nor was that of Susan inferior, as she declared she had never flattered herself with seeing him so happily placed; and as for herself, she thanked God that she could earn a decent maintenance.

Mr.

Mr. Richardson, commending her industry, told her in case of any emergency to apply to her friend Charles: then speaking in a low voice to his son, he withdrew to the window, while Charles, advancing towards the old man, said:

“Accept this trifle—it is my father’s request, though he generously makes me his agent in what he knows is so pleasing to me.”

After the departure of Godfrey, Mr. Richardson informed his children that he had that morning learned some news respecting the gipsy women, who were speedily to be brought to trial. “And now,” continued he, “to shew you that there is no friendship among the wicked, I have just been told that the woman whom Betsey calls Dolly has offered to turn evidence against her.”

“ companion, on condition that she
“ herself shall be safe from punishment.
“ This offer has been accepted, and I
“ have great hopes we shall at length
“ learn some intelligence that may be
“ serviceable to the poor child and her
“ unhappy parent.”

As the trial was to take place a few days after this discourse, in the intervening time it employed the thoughts of the whole party. Mr. Richardson was prepared to give his evidence, and the Magistrate from Richmond attended to relate what he knew of the affair. But both gentlemen were spared much trouble; for Dolly so clearly convicted her old friend and companion, that little more than her evidence was necessary. The child, she said, was stolen from a village in the vicinity of Spa, in Germany;

many ; but who her parents were the gipsies did not know, as she was taken from a servant maid who employed them to tell her fortune. This account was corroborated by what Betsey herself remembered, and had related at her first meeting with Mr. Richardson. The Judge then asked what language the child spoke when they had her first. To which Dolly answered, She spoke English, but was, though apparently near three years old, very backward in her speech; that the servant in whose care she was was also English, for she said, when they accosted her, she wanted to consult them about her friends in England.

The woman was next asked how herself and her companions happened to be in Germany? To answer which question she some time hesitated; but being

assured that nothing but an honest confession could insure her safety, she at length informed them, that ten of their gang having been concerned in a robbery which made a great noise, they were so alarmed that they hired a smuggling vessel to land them on the Continent, where they had followed their usual practices for about six months, when they took away little Betsey; and all fear of a discovery respecting the robbery being pretty well over, they had soon after returned to England in the same way they left it.

She was next questioned respecting the child's name; which however she declared she did not know, otherwise than that it appeared a long one as she pronounced it when she was first with them; but she at that time lisped so much, that

2

they

they could only understand the name of Betsey, which they agreed to change for Debby; and that she had been so severely beaten for alluding to her former situation and name, that the whole party concluded she had either totally forgotten it, or would never dare to mention it.

Such was the whole information that could be obtained respecting the little girl; except that the woman said, she had so much lace upon her frock, and such a fine picture of a gentleman tied around her neck, that it first inspired the temptation to steal her. Mr. Richardson desired the woman might be questioned respecting his daughter's watch; which being consented to, she owned that she herself had taken it from Miss Richardson's pocket when the gipsies

lies

fies first surrounded them, but that it had been disposed of a few days after; since which time herself and her companion, now in custody, had, on a quarrel, separated from the rest of their fraternity, who were gone to the north of England.

Such was the substance of the trial, which concluded by the evidence being acquitted, and her companion sentenced to fourteen years transportation.

Charles and Mary had been present during the whole; which was no sooner over, than with their father, the Magistrate, Mrs. Sidney, and Betsey, they returned to dinner.

“Poor little unfortunate child!” said Mr. Richardson, taking Betsey in his arms, when he entered his own house; “I will leave no means untried to dis-

“cover

"cover your parents; and if I fail,
"at least you shall have a good educa-
"tion, and a friend while I live to
"guide your youth."

"And Mrs. Sidney will be my mam-
"ma," said Betsey; "for she teaches me
"to pray to God that he may love me,
"and make me good."

The afternoon was spent in conversing
on what had passed; and in the evening
Mr. Richardson and his young people
attended the good old lady and her
pupil to Hornsey.

CHAP. III.

The Adelphi—Durham-Yard a Palace—

—Magnificent Entertainment given there by the English Challengers to the King and Queen—Noble Residents of Durham-house—Whitehall—St. George's Fields—Mistake of a Foreign Ambassador.

SOME days after the trial, Mr. Richardson desired his children to hasten their lessons, as he should be glad of their company, the weather being fine, to walk as far as the Adelphi. This request was so agreeable, that both were ready even before their father, who at length having completed his morning occupations,

occupations, they set out on their walk.

“The Adelphi, I have heard, is a very magnificent mass of building,” said Charles, “and, if I am not mistaken, completed within these few years?”

“You are perfectly right,” answered Mr. Richardson; “these buildings were erected upon a place called Durham-Yard, a spot which took its name from a dwelling built there by the illustrious Thomas de Hatfield, elected Bishop of Durham in the year 1345, and designed by him for a town residence for himself and his successors. It was called Durham-Place; and in the year 1540 here was held a most magnificent entertainment given by the challengers of England, who had caused to be proclaimed in France, Flanders,

“ Flanders, Scotland, and Spain, a great
“ and triumphant jousting that was to be
“ held at Westminster against all comers
“ that would present to attack them.

“ But it so happened that both chal-
“ lengers and defendants were English.”

“ Pardon me, Sir, for interrupting
“ you,” said Mary, “ but what is the
“ meaning of jousting?”

“ Jousting, or, according to Dr. John-
“ son, *jousting*, is a mock fight, in which
“ the parties endeavour to overcome
“ each other. When it was in use it
“ was considered as a pastime, though it
“ frequently ended very tragically.”

Mary having thanked her father, he
proceeded with his account. “ After
“ the sports of each day, the challengers
“ rode to Durham-Place, where they
“ kept open house, and feasted King
“ Henry

“ Henry the Eighth and his then consort
“ Anne of Cleves, with her ladies and
“ all the Court; the Knights and Bur-
“ gesses, the Lord Mayor, with the
“ Aldermen and their wives and fami-
“ lies. The King was so highly pleased
“ with this entertainment, that he gave
“ to every one of the challengers, in re-
“ ward for their valour, an hundred
“ marks, and a house to reside in, out of
“ the lands appertaining to the hospital
“ of St. John of Jerusalem.”

“ Pray, papa, of what value is a
mark ?”

“ A mark is thirteen shillings and
“ fourpence. But to proceed: In the
“ reign of Edward the Sixth the Mint
“ was established in Durham-House,
“ under the management of Sir Wil-
“ liam Sharrington, and the influence
“ of

“ of the aspiring Thomas Seymour,
“ Lord Admiral, who proposed to have
“ money enough coined to accomplish
“ his designs on the throne. His prac-
“ tices were however detected, and he
“ suffered death. His tool, Sir William
“ Sharrington, was also condemned ;
“ but, sacrificing his master to his own
“ safety, he obtained a pardon. The
“ palace afterwards became the resi-
“ dence of that ambitious man Dud-
“ ley, Earl of Northumberland, who,
“ in May 1558, caused in it to be so-
“ lemnized with great magnificence three
“ marriages ; first, his son Lord Guild-
“ ford Dudley with the amiable Lady
“ Jane Grey ; Lord Herbert, heir to
“ the Earl of Pembroke, with Catherine,
“ youngest sister of Lady Jane ; and
“ Lord Hastings, heir to the Earl of
“ Hunting-

“ Huntingdon, with his youngest daughter by such powerful alliances; paving the way for his future projects, and strengthening the aspiring cause that animated him. From this palace the reluctant victim Lady Jane Grey went to the Tower to be invested with the royal dignity, and in eight short months the ambition of her father-in-law led a woman, who from her piety and learning was an honour to her sex and her country, to the altar, the throne, and the scaffold.”

“ Pray, Sir,” asked Mary, “ was Durham-House afterwards the residence of any other person of note?”

“ It was,” answered Mr. Richardson, “ reckoned among the royal palaces during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who

“ who bestowed it on the great Sir Walter Raleigh.”

This discourse brought them to the house where Mr. Richardson purposed calling; and having transacted his business, it being yet early, they passed Charing Cross, and walked towards Privy Gardens.

“ My dear father,” said Charles, “ will you inform me which is the building called the Banqueting-House?”

Mr. Richardson pointed out Whitehall Chapel, saying: “ The Banqueting-House has for many years past been converted into a chapel. I suppose I need not inform you why it was first constructed, nor any anecdote respecting it.”

Charles replied, that he had read an account

account of it some days before; but Mary observing that she was totally uninformed on the subject, her father satisfied her curiosity in the following manner:

“ Near this spot was the Tilt-yard, a
“ place where jousts and tournaments
“ were held; and here were given the
“ most sumptuous entertainments ever
“ celebrated in England, by Queen Elizabeth, to the Commissioners sent from
“ France to propose a marriage between her Majesty and the Duke of
“ Anjou. A superb banqueting-house
“ was erected upon the occasion; but,
“ as you may easily conjecture, not that
“ before you.

“ In the time of James the First,
“ the Palace of Whitehall being in a
“ ruinous state, he resolved to rebuild
“ it

“ it in a manner worthy the residence
“ of the Monarch of the British em-
“ pire. He began by pulling down the
“ banqueting-rooms built by Queen
“ Elizabeth, and erected in their stead
“ the noble structure before you; but
“ this was only a small part of a vast
“ plan, which remained unexecuted by
“ reason of the unhappy times that suc-
“ ceeded.

“ How little did King James think
“ that he was erecting a pile from which
“ his son was to step from the throne to
“ the scaffold! Charles the First had
“ been brought, on the morning pre-
“ vious to his death, from St. James’s
“ across the Park to the Palace at White-
“ hall, where he passed some time in his
“ chamber; from whence he was con-
“ ducted along the galleries to the Ban-
“ queting-

“queting-House, where a scaffold was
“erected, on which he concluded his
“earthly career.

“The King suffered death with great
“constancy; and his body, after being
“embalmed, was delivered to four of
“his servants, and removed to Wind-
“sor, where it was silently interred, the
“Governor of the Castle not permitting
“Bishop Juxton to say the burial ser-
“vice according to the liturgy. The
“funeral charges amounted only to
“229l. 5s.

“The Banqueting-House has been
“for many years past converted into a
“chapel, and used for divine service
“every Sunday.”

“Thus conversing, they walked for-
“ward, and, passing over Westminster-

Bridge, crossed St. George's Fields, as they are still called, though now a mass of buildings.

“ I must here relate to you,” said Mr. Richardson, “ a little anecdote of a “ foreign Ambassador, who happened to “ make his entry into this capital at “ night, and through this entrance to “ the town. Observing the immense “ number of lamps that enlightened “ all the avenues through which he “ passed, he imagined that they were “ illuminations in honour of his arrival, “ and modestly signified that he had by “ no means looked for such a mark of “ attention and respect. — From this “ observation you may conjecture that “ England is remarkable for being well “ lighted; an advantage it has however “ enjoyed

“enjoyed but within a few years, when
 “an act passed respecting its paving and
 “lights.”

As Mr. Richardson began to think
 the walk long, they entered a coach,
 and returned home.

the was convinced would lead her to
 "enjoyed but within a few years, when
 some proper object."

"and as I had been agreeable to all, they
 "lights."

happened to the old lady's cottage, Mr.

CHAP. IV.

Richardson ordering a dinner by the

the walk long they entered with great

A Birth-Day Visit — A Stranger — Re-

pentance, and a Discovery.

little Betty, and sister Mary compli-

ments to Mary suitable to the occasion,

MARY's birth-day being arrived, her

father made her a present of the same

sum as he had before given to Charles.

Her arrangements respecting the servants

she copied from her mother, and hav-

ing made him a compliment of remem-

brance, she declared that for the pre-

sent she knew not how to dispose of the

rest of her money, but with her father's

permission they would go that day to

Hornsey, when she would consult Mrs.

Sidney on the business, whose goodness

she was convinced would lead her to some proper object.

This plan being agreeable to all, they hastened to the old lady's cottage, Mr. Richardson ordering a dinner by the way. They were received with great pleasure, not only by Mrs. Sidney, but little Betsey; and after many compliments to Mary suitable to the occasion, that young lady recounted to Mrs. Sidney the difficulty she found in disposing of her money exactly to her liking, and entreated her advice on the subject.

"My father and brother, Madam," said she, "will neither of them interfere in this case, and I am afraid to trust to my own judgment; therefore," added she, affectionately saluting the old lady, "I must entreat you to assist me."

"My good child," returned Mrs. Sidney,

Sidney, "your diffidence of your own
 "judgment is so amiable, that it una-
 "voidably must increase the respect of
 "your friends for your character. Like
 "your father and brother, I am at this
 "moment unable to advise; but as there
 "is no haste, a short time may perhaps
 "throw some object in your way on
 "whom you may worthily exert your
 "benevolence."
 "I will wait then, Madam," answered
 "Mary, "till I either meet some person
 "who particularly interests me, or till I
 "form some scheme that I think may
 "be productive of good. Charles's
 "choice was immediately made; while
 "I, who have had two months to con-
 "sider on the business, and have at
 "least formed five hundred plans, can-
 "not now even fix upon one. We are
 "how-

"however certain of enjoying one great satisfaction, Madam, if you permit—and that is, to dine with you; after which you will surely not refuse to accompany us in a short excursion that Papa, who is the best director in those cases, shall choofe."

Mrs. Sidney accepted the invitation; and the party having made a cheerful meal were preparing to depart, when a coach drove slowly up the lane; which the young people judging to be Mr. Richardson's carriage, they ran hastily to the door. They were however mistaken; and returning within the apartment, Charles said, addressing Mrs. Sidney, "I believe, Madam, it is some one coming to visit you; for there is no house beyond yours in this lane, and it is no thoroughfare."

"No, no, my young friend," said Mrs. Sidney smiling, "believe me, I have no coach visitors but yourselves, who have determined, before I quit this mortal state, to make me of some consequence among my few poor neighbours."

Mrs. Sidney had scarcely ceased speaking when the coach stopped near her door, and a footman thumped with his fist for want of a knocker. Mrs. Sidney immediately opened it, while Mr. Richardson withdrew to the little garden with his children, unwilling to intrude if any person came on business to the old lady. Hetsey was too much attached to Mary to stay behind, and Mrs. Sidney was left alone to answer the visitors. The servant, asked with evident marks of surprise, if Mrs. Sidney lived there?

there? but had scarcely received an answer, and returned it to his lady, when the coach door was opened, and a tall thin emaciated woman, supported by the servant, advanced to the cottage-door; where having dismissed him, she entered. The stranger was no sooner within the apartment, than she fixed her eyes upon Mrs. Sidney with a look of anguish, then for a moment casting them round the room, she sunk at her feet, saying, in a voice choked with contrition and weakness, "Oh, my much-injured, much-neglected mother, can you forgive me? Can you pardon the snake you have nourished in your bosom and who has so long left you to experience the most bitter want?"

Sorrow had taught Mrs. Sidney to subdue her passions, and religion had

taught her to rise superior to all that ingratitude and the variableness of fortune could inflict; but neither of these had taught her to see unmoved the contrition of a repentant daughter, who might have continued her self-accusation much longer, uninterrupted, had not her own feelings prevented it.

The many years that had elapsed since Mrs. Sidney saw her daughter, together with the alteration made by a sultry climate, and the ravages of a deep decline, had rendered her at first totally unknown to the good old lady; while, on the contrary, temperance, patience, and an applauding conscience, had so softened the heavy hand of time on Mrs. Sidney's features, that though her age was apparent, yet those who had known her twenty years before would have found

found no difficulty to have instantly recollected her.

As Mrs. Montacute, which was the lady's name, addressed Mrs. Sidney, the good old lady retraced the features of her unkind daughter; and well remembering these words of the Holy Scripture, that *there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine that need no repentance*, she threw her aged arms around her neck, and mingled her tears with those of her contrite child.

Awakened from her first surprise, with trembling hands she raised her from the ground, saying, "Is it possible that you can be my daughter? my once blooming and animated Harriet? But my heart acknowledges the bond; and if my forgiveness and tenderness can

"soothe the too apparent sorrows of
 "your soul; you possess them entirely.

"Never in my prayers have I forgotten
 "my daughter, her husband, nor her
 "family."

of Mrs. Montacute burst into a flood of
 tears, which for some moments pre-
 vented her utterance; at length she
 said, "Ah! my mother, your prayers
 were of no avail; or, rather, a just and
 "offended God turned them into bit-
 "terness upon the head of the wretch
 "for whom they were addressed, or I
 "should not now stand before you at
 "once childless and a widow."

"My dear Harriet!" answered Mrs.
 Sidney, "I am grieved to see you thus
 "overwhelmed with sorrow: Remem-
 "ber, the Power who gave has a right
 "to take away, and that religion, and
 "the

“the duty we owe to ourselves and our
“surviving friends, demand that we
“bear our losses with resignation.”

“The hand of death,” said Mrs.
Montacute, “I am convinced, presses
“hard upon me. All I wished was to
“receive your forgiveness. Alas! with-
“out that, how can I expect pardon at
“that great tribunal where all my sins
“shall be revealed; and before that
“Judge, one of whose express com-
“mands is, *Honour thy Parents!*”

“You will, I trust, see many happy
“years,” replied Mrs. Sidney, “when
“time has softened the keenness of
“your grief. It seems, my Harriet, as
“if this was the first of our acquaint-
“ance; or at least we appear as if we
“were more necessary to each other
“than

"than we have been for many years;
"and God will, I hope, give us a little
"time to cement yet stronger this
"growing affection. I, with the same
"unwearied attention which I bestowed
"on your infancy, will watch over your
"declining health; and if it pleases God
"to restore you, you shall pay back the
"debt to my declining years."

At that moment little Betsey called at
the garden-door, "Pray, Mama, is the
"lady gone, that we may come in?"

Miss Richardson's voice chiding her
was next heard, and first recalled Mrs.
Sidney to the recollection of any other
object than that before her. In few
words, she informed Mrs. Montacute,
that about two months before God had
raised her a sincere friend in Mr. Ri-
chardson,

Richardson, who, with his family, had that day not been above keeping his daughter's birth-day in her humble cottage.

Mrs. Montacute entreated I might not keep them out of the apartment—

“Though indeed, my dear mother,” said she, “I wish you had been alone; for, as you have forgiven me, you must accompany me—We will never part more.”

Mrs. Sidney then went to the garden-door, and, apologising for her forgetfulness, informed Mr. Richardson of the visit of her daughter, and the change that had taken place.

“My good madam,” said Mr. Richardson, “the cause is so pleasing, that it will even compensate for our being deprived of your company in our ride. Few events could have given

“ me

“the greater satisfaction, and, as after
“so long an absence you must have
“much to communicate to each other,
“you will excuse us when we have paid
“our compliments to your welcome
“visitor.”
Mrs. Sidney then entreated him to
enter the apartment, where he paid his
compliments to Mrs. Montacute, who
received them with every mark of the
most heart-rending shame—though Mr.
Richardson was particularly careful that
she might not suspect him acquainted
with her unkind behaviour to so good a
parent. “Sir,” answered Mrs. Mon-
tacute, “I am unequal now to thank
“you as I ought: should I live to see
“you again, I hope to appear more
“grateful for the kindness you have
“shewn to my mother.”

Mr.

Mr. Richardson made a proper reply, and, calling his children from the garden, informed them he would walk to the carriage, which was only at a short distance. Then turning to Mrs. Sidney, he said: "I will rob you of your little charge to-night; hereafter you will favour me by advising how she shall be disposed of."

Mrs. Montacute appeared scarcely to notice any thing that passed, until Mrs. Sidney presented Charles and Mary to her, at once to pay their compliments and take leave. "Lovely children!" exclaimed she with an agony of tears: "Happy father!" looking with anguish at Mr. Richardson; "you undoubtedly was yourself a good and dutiful son, and therefore God thus blesses you; while, on the contrary, I live a monument

"O

“of his anger, loathing life, and yet
“afraid to die.”

“Harriet,” said Mrs. Sidney, “this
“dependence is sinful; religion will
“teach you to subdue it. It is a duty
“incumbent on you to endeavour to
“regain your health, and by active be-
“nevolence, which your fortune is
“equal to, banish from your mind mis-
“fortunes which unavailing sorrow can-
“not remove. You alone are not un-
“fortunate—Behold this infant,” con-
“tinued she, bringing Betty forward,
“who, alarmed at the stranger lady, had
“hung behind Mary: “What must the
“sorrows of her parents be, who were
“debarred even the satisfaction of lay-
“ing her peaceably in the tomb? Torn
“from them by wretched vagabonds,
“but for the bounty of Mr. Richard-

“son,

son, who rescued her, she would have
 " been bred to rapine and murder, and
 " perhaps have concluded her life igno-
 " miniously."

Mrs. Montacute for a moment fixed
 her eyes wildly on Betsey, without the
 power of speaking; then made a con-
 vulsive but ineffectual effort to snatch
 her closer towards her, but sunk appa-
 rently lifeless in the chair.

Mr. Richardson, ordering his young
 people to retire into the garden, joined
 his cares to those of Mrs. Sidney to re-
 cover her daughter; which having at
 length with some difficulty effected, she
 gazed round the room in a manner that
 gave them the utmost alarm for her rea-
 son. "Where is she?" exclaimed she;
 "tell me all in a moment, I conjure
 " you—Oh, if God has accepted my
 " contrition,

"contrition, I am indeed too greatly
"blest."

Mrs. Sidney held some hartshorn and
water to her; but putting it by, she said:

"Pardon me, indeed I cannot swallow;

my heart is bursting with a thousand

"hopes and fears. That little girl—

"ah, surely I cannot be mistaken—call

"her to me—from whence came she?—

"Did you not say you redeemed her

"from vagabonds?"

"From gipsies," answered Mr. Ri-

chardson. "The women are yet in cus-

"tody that stole her from a maid, ser-

"vant, above two years ago, at Spa in

"Germany. Her christian name is

"Elizabeth; her surname we are un-

"acquainted with, nor can I discover

"her parents."

"My child, my child!" exclaimed

Mrs.

Mrs. Montacute;—"let me embrace my
child before this excess of joy de-
stroy me.—The bounty of Heaven,"
continued she, sinking upon her knees,
"in the very moment that I return to
my much-injured mother, restores me
my child, my dear, my lamented in-
fant.—Ah! the loss of her first taught
me the feelings of a parent; for who
can love like a mother?"
The young people were then called
in, and a scene of satisfaction ensued
that banished every other idea. A thou-
sand times did the enraptured mother
kiss her long-lost infant; at the same
moment calling down blessings on the
head of Mr. Richardson and his children;
then embracing her mother, and view-
ing the person of Betsey with the most
scrutinising

"fixing attention—" "Oh!" exclaim-
 "ed she, "I think I could have known
 "herself where, she is not much al-
 "tered; her complexion is only darker,
 "and her person more robust.—This
 "scar, too, she has on her forehead,
 "would enable me to claim her from
 "any one! Weak fool that I was, how
 "did I lament what I considered would
 "be a blemish to her beauty, when the
 "wisdom of God perhaps affixed it
 "only the better to identify her!"

"Mr. Richardson wished to leave them;
 but both Mrs. Sidney and Mrs. Mon-
 tacute pressed him so warmly to stay,
 that he at length consented; and taking
 an opportunity to go to the door, where
 his carriage was now waiting, he sent his
 servant to order coffee and tea; which
 being

being immediately brought, it in some measure assisted in calming the agitation into which the discovery had thrown the whole party.

CHAP. V.

Explanation, and childish Observations.

BETSEY, though she received and in some measure returned the careffes of Mrs. Montacute, yet in numberless little instances evidently shewed her superior partiality for Mrs. Sidney; and having recovered from the timidity that the appearance of Mrs. Montacute had first occasioned, she became chatty. "And so," said she, "I have found out
 " my own mamma, and she is a fine
 " lady, and keeps a coach! But I won't
 " leave my Mamma Sidney for all that;
 " for she loves me dearly, and teaches
 " me

“ me to read, and to hate pride; and
“ so I do: for Mamma Sidney told me
“ that it was a nasty laced frock, and a
“ glittering gaudy picture that hung
“ from my neck, that made the gipsies
“ take me; and I won't have any more
“ such.”

Mrs. Sidney chid Betsey; but Mrs. Montacute entreated her to let her be gratified with hearing her child's voice.
“ Alas!” said she, “ her reproof is too
“ just; pride, added to the affection I
“ bore her, made me decorate her in a
“ manner sufficient to tempt the wretches
“ who bereft me of her.”—Then turning to Betsey, she added: “ Will you
“ not live with me? We will both kneel
“ to Mamma Sidney to go with us.”
“ I'll go any where with her, or Miss
“ Richardson,” answered Betsey; “ or
VOL. II. D “ you

“you either, when I know you better;
“for you look so sick, that it makes me
“sorry.—But do you live in a fine
“house, like Mr. Richardson?”

“Indeed, my love, I can scarcely
“tell. I only,” said she, addressing her
mother and Mr. Richardson, “reached
“town last night, and slept at a furnished
“house that my banker had taken for me
“on Hampstead Heath, for the benefit
“of the air. This morning I began my
“search after my mother, whom, as the
“merchant through whose hands my
“few negligent letters used to pass was
“dead, I had some difficulty to find.”

A discourse ensued, in which Mrs.
Montacute informed them that she had
left the East Indies almost three years
before on account of Mr. Montacute,
who had been ordered to Spa for the re-
covery

covery of his health. “ My young
“ son,” continued she, “ died on the
“ passage ; and as we came in a Dutch
“ vessel, our intention was not to return
“ to England till we had passed some
“ time in Germany. We had been
“ there but a short time when I lost my
“ child, who is the only survivor out of
“ six. This event fell heavy upon me,
“ but yet more so, if possible, upon
“ Mr. Montacute, who spared no pains
“ nor expence to discover the wretches
“ who had robbed us of what we both
“ held most dear. The gippies, as we were
“ informed, were still in Germany, and
“ we travelled not only over that coun-
“ try but France, inquiring and offer-
“ ing large rewards wherever we came—
“ but in vain—no inquiries availed ; and
“ sunk with despair, and exhausted with
“ illness,

"illness, three months since I buried
"Mr. Montacute. My health had long
"been declining, and in my moments
"of anguish I could not forbear re-
"calling to my memory my ingratitude
"to my mother, whom I had never seen
"since I was little more than a child.
"This thought once taken root, it pur-
"sued me night and day, and I could
"not but conclude that the loss of my
"darling was a just punishment for my
"wickedness. As soon as my health
"would suffer it, I resolved to repair to
"England, confess my errors, and en-
"treat her forgiveness. I did so, and,
"as I before informed you, arrived last
"night; and this morning, by the means
"of the late merchant's clerk, obtained
"the right address, and hastened hither;
"where God, in the very moment that

"I re-

“ I returned to my duty with a thorough
“ compunction for my former errors,
“ has given me back my child.”

Mr. Richardson could only congratulate Mrs. Montacute on the happy termination of this unpleasant event; but Betsey, who had been listening very attentively to her discourse, no sooner found an opportunity, than, addressing her, she said: “ I am very glad that
“ Mamma Sidney is your mother; but
“ as you are a fine lady with a coach,
“ how came she to live in such a little
“ house as this, and wear such mended
“ clothes as she puts on when only she
“ and I are at home?”

For some minutes Mrs. Montacute was too much affected to answer; but at length said: “ The reason was, that pride
“ and vanity choked up every good

"propensity I inherited by nature. That
 "good, that venerable woman, the flat-
 "tered remains of whose fortune I in-
 "herited, I was ashamed to acknow-
 "ledge, because the weakness and folly
 "of others had made her poor.—God
 "properly punished my presumption, by
 "making me suffer severely; without
 "which, in all probability, I should
 "have died in my wickedness."

Betsey, who however could compre-
 hend little, but that her mamma had not
 behaved right to Mrs. Sidney, was about
 to reply, had not the good old lady, fear-
 ful of her increasing Mrs. Montacute's
 uneasiness, strictly commanded her to be
 silent.

As the day was far advanced, and Mrs.
 Sidney had agreed to accompany her
 daughter to Hampstead, Mr. Richard-
 son,

son, soon after tea, bid them farewell, and with his children set out for London.

Few arrangements were necessary for Mrs. Sidney, who, in half an hour after his departure, locked up her cottage, and accompanied her daughter, with Betsey, to her house at Hampstead.

The fortunate discovery that had taken place afforded matter for conversation to Charles and Mary all the way home; where, after passing the remainder of the evening cheerfully with their father, they retired to rest.

Ludgate-hill; when Charles
 first, that one of the an-
 originally stood there,
 as well as
 the city Temple-

CHAP. VI.

*Ludgate—Anecdote of Sir Stephen Foster
 — His Charities — Monument of a
 Roman Soldier — Sculpture of King
 Charles the First's gigantic Porter and
 Dwarf — Monument of a Persian —
 Epitaph on a disobedient Son.*

THE next morning Mr. Richardson
 sent his servant to Hampstead with in-
 quiries after the Ladies' health; and not
 being engaged at noon, informed his
 young people that he had a couple of
 hours to devote to their amusement.

Conversing on various subjects they
 passed

passed along Ludgate-hill; when Charles observed to his sister, that one of the ancient gates had originally stood there, but had been pulled down as well as every other gate of the city, Temple-bar excepted.

Mr. Richardson asked his son if he could not furnish them with a little more information on the subject; but Charles answering in the negative, his father said, "I then must assist you. Ludgate is said to have been originally built as early as King Lud, but rebuilt during the wars of the Barons with King John. Over the gate was a wretched prison for debtors, of one of whom I must relate to you an anecdote."

"Stephen Foster, one of the debtors, begging charity at the grate of the

“ prison, was asked by a rich widow
“ who was passing by, what sum would
“ release him, to which he answered,
“ Twenty pounds (a large sum in those
“ days). This she in charity advanced,
“ and, clearing him out of prison, assisted
“ him in business; in which he acted
“ so uprightly, and was so successful,
“ that, in a few years becoming rich,
“ he wooed his benefactress and mar-
“ ried her. His industry brought him
“ to great wealth and honour; for he was
“ afterwards knighted, and chosen Lord
“ Mayor of London. Yet these promo-
“ tions were incapable of making him
“ forget his former captivity; and by
“ the consent of his Lady, who agreed to
“ appropriate the same sum as he should
“ devote to that purpose, he enlarged the
“ prison, built several more commodious
“ apart-

“apartments, and erected a chapel, in
 “which was this inscription engraven
 “upon the wall:

“*This Chapel was erected and ordained
 “for the divine worship and service of
 “God, by the Right Honourable Sir
 “Stephen Foster, Knight, some time Lord
 “Mayor of this honourable City; and by
 “Dame Agnes, his wife, for the use and
 “godly exercise of the prisoners in this
 “prison of Ludgate. Anno 1454.*

“Sir Stephen likewise endowed the
 “prison with many immunities it had
 “never before enjoyed.

“Digging near this spot, after the great
 “fire in 1666, in the Vallum, or trench
 “of the Prætorian camp near Ludgate,
 “was found a sepulchral monument,

“ in memory of Vivius Marcianus (a
“ Roman soldier of the second legion,
“ quartered here), erected by his wife
“ Januaria Matrina. The sculpture re-
“ presented him as a soldier, dressed
“ and armed after the manner of the
“ country, with long hair; a short lower
“ garment fastened round his waist by
“ a girdle; a long cloak or plaid flung
“ over his breast and one arm, ready to
“ be cast off in time of action; naked
“ legs; and in his right hand a sword of
“ considerable length, not unlike the
“ broad sword used by the Highlanders;
“ in his left a short instrument, with the
“ end apparently broken off.

“ I must here inform you, Mary,
“ that the soldiers were always buried in
“ the Vallum, the citizens without the
“ gates: it being a wife and express
“ law

“law among the Romans, that no one
“should be buried within the walls.”

Conversing on various subjects they reached Newgate-street; where, over the entrance of Bagnio-court, Mr. Richardson made them remark a small piece of sculpture representing William Evans, the gigantic porter of King Charles the First, and his diminutive fellow-servant Jeffrey Hudson, dwarf to the same monarch. Evans was seven feet and a half high; Hudson only three feet nine inches. At a grand masquerade given at court, Evans, to divert and amaze the company, drew Jeffrey out of his pocket, where he had been placed by his own desire; for he had too much spirit to suffer an insult from even a Goliath. Little Jeffrey afterwards commanded, with much reputation, a troop of horse in his Majesty's service;

service; and in the year 1644, killed a Mr. Crofts in a duel, for having ventured to ridicule his diminutive person.

"Though, from the conversations I have held with you on the subject, Sir," said Charles, "I have learned to detest a duellist, yet give me leave to say, that little Jeffirey's provocation was great; he knew himself an object to create mirth, by his condescending to amuse the spectators at the masquerade; but that was no reason why he should submit to be treated like a common buffoon, and bear illiberal jests on his person."

"True, Charles, it certainly was not; yet, if you consider again, I think you will allow that the crime was scarcely great enough, to be punished with death. Mr. Crofts, the joker, was in

"all

"all probability a weak character; for I
"have observed, almost without a single
"exception, that those people who are
"given to ridicule the persons or faces
"of others, are usually devoid of that
"degree of understanding that makes
"them desirable friends. To make a
"jest of a man for being tall or short,
"fat or spare, is at once so wicked and
"foolish, that it must inspire all think-
"ing minds with pity and contempt for
"a character of such mingled ignorance
"and malice, as can find no other sub-
"ject to jest upon but the human form,
"which it is not in the power of man to
"alter."

"But ridicule must be hard to bear
"with calmness, you must allow, Sir,"
said Charles.

"It

"It is so, Charles. But can you give
"me an instance in which passion re-
"mediated either error or insult? In the
"case of little Jeffrey, for example:
"he undoubtedly made himself by this
"duel a yet greater object of curiosity,
"as he was afterwards pointed out
"for the Dwarf that had killed a man
"for laughing at him. For his inter-
"nal feelings, we must leave those to
"himself and the Searcher of all hearts;
"but I cannot suppose any one so de-
"praved, but that he must shudder
"when he reflects that he had shed the
"blood of a fellow-creature. — How-
"ever it grows late, and we must think
"of returning to dinner."

Walking homeward conversing on
various subjects, Charles observed that
he

he had read an account of a Persian merchant being buried in Petty France, near the west end of the lower church-yard of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, (not within, but without the walls, and out of our consecrated ground); where a monument was erected for him with a Persian inscription.

Mary expressing some curiosity, Mr. Richardson said, "We will quicken our pace, and visit the church: but Charles in this case must be our instructor; for, though I have read the account, it is so long ago that I have forgotten it."

"To the best of my ability, Sir, I will willingly obey you," answered Charles. "This Persian was a merchant named Hodges Shawfware, and came to England, accompanied by his son, with

“ with the Persian Ambaffador. He
“ was buried on the 10th of Auguft, in
“ the year 1626. The Persian Ambaf-
“ fador, young Shawfware, and many
“ other Perfians attended the funeral,
“ which was performed between eight
“ and nine in the morning. The burial
“ rites and ceremonies were performed
“ after their own manner by the mer-
“ chant’s fon, who fat cross-legged at
“ the north end of the grave, (for the
“ tomb ftands north and fouth), alter-
“ nately reading and finging, but min-
“ gling his lamentations with both.
“ After this, it was obferved that
“ fome of the friends of the deceafed
“ came every morning and evening at
“ fix, for more than a month, to pray
“ at the tomb; and, it is fupposed,
“ would have continued that custom
“ longer

"longer, had not the rudeness of the
"people prevented them."

This account brought them to the
place; where examining the monument,
they found it differed nothing in form
from many of ours, being simply of stone,
with a tablet at the top bearing a Per-
sian inscription, purporting that Hodges
Shawware had faithfully served the
king of Persia for twenty years, and re-
questing if any of his countrymen should
come near the spot, that they would say
a prayer, for God to receive his soul.

Mary, who was particularly fond
of reading epitaphs, after examining
Shawware's tomb, walked through in the
church-yard; when an inscription caught
her attention, and made her request
her father and brother to observe
it.

It

It was a plain stone, the inscription specifying that it was erected by the parents of John Taylor, who was unfortunately killed by a blow with a stick on Holy Thursday, in the year 1710, aged fifteen.

All you that chance this tomb of mine to see,
Pray stop and read, and warning take by me:

With care observe your parents' sound advice,

Your safety in your just obedience lies.

If you their wise commands once disobey

Like me, to sudden death you'll fall a prey.

"Though I cannot praise the poetry,"
said Mr. Richardson, "the advice is
"certainly good; and if it has prevent-
"ed one imprudent action, the correct-
"ness or elegance of the language is
"not to be considered. Mary I have
"observed

“observed is curious in epitaphs, and
“this at least can boast singularity; for,
“as others usually blazon forth the vir-
“tues of the dust they cover, this, on
“the contrary, records the vice of dis-
“obedience, and lessens our feelings
“for a youth suddenly cut off, when
“we consider, by this confession, that
“his misfortune arose from a regard-
“lessness of the commands of his
“parents.”

“You must allow, Sir,” said Charles,
smiling, “that in this case, John Taylor
“is less injured by the bad poetry than
“the recording of his disobedience;
“and as so many years have passed
“since his crime took place, I cannot
“but say I wish the inscription erased,
“and his error forgotten.”
“Indeed,”

“Indeed,” said Mary, “were I so unfortunate, I hope no one would mark the spot where I laid: for, though it could not wound the dead, yet the idea of being handed down to posterity in such disagreeable colours is distressing while we are living.”

“My dear children,” said Mr. Richardson, “I flatter myself that no one will ever be able to record the sin of disobedience against you. Should it please God to deprive me of you by the common course of nature, however I must feel so severe a blow, your having persevered in a line of truth and rectitude would soothe my grief. Deprived of that consolation, I must sink with shame and sorrow to the grave.”

Charles

Charles and his sister each clasped a hand of their father; and he again reminding them that it grew late, they hastened home.

C H A P. VII.

*A Visit to Hampstead—A Request—The
Inefficacy of Wealth to procure Happi-
ness.*

WHEN Mr. Richardson reached home, he found his servant returned from Hampstead. Mrs. Sidney he informed his master was well; but that Mrs. Montacute had passed a dreadful night, which the physician attributed to the surprise her spirits had undergone; that she was however more composed in the morning, and added her compliments to those of her mother, entreating
Mr.

Mr. Richardson's company the first opportunity.

It was near a fortnight before he had leisure to accept of this invitation; and might even then have deferred it some time longer, had he not at that period received a note from Mrs. Sidney, entreating him so warmly to call upon them, that he immediately obeyed the summons, unaccompanied by his children.

Indifferent in health, and emaciated in person, as Mrs. Montacute was at their first meeting, he was astonished at the change that had taken place. She was no longer able to quit her apartment, and bore rather the appearance of an animated skeleton than of a living body. Her features had, however, acquired a composure and resignation,

they were far from possessing when he saw her at Hornsey.

On his entrance into her apartment she said, "My good Sir, I have ardently wished to see you, in order to repeat my thanks while I have yet power; for my strength ebbs fast, and even the next hour may cut short the slender thread of my existence."

Mr. Richardson answered, that he had hoped the meeting with her mother, and the satisfaction of regaining her child, would have had a more salutary effect; but that he still hoped her illness might have a favourable crisis: for, however severe, it was not beyond the power of God to relieve.

"You say justly," answered Mrs. Montacute; "no wonders are beyond his power; and on whom has his
"greatness

"greatness and justice been more
"strongly exemplified than on myself?
"I have long found the hand of death
"is upon me; nor is it even in the
"power of a forgiving and tender mo-
"ther, or beloved infant, to check its
"progress.—No," continued she, after
a short pause looking with contrition at
Mrs. Sidney, "I was insensible of the
"blessing God had given me in such a
"parent; and now when I have, too
"late, learned her value, he will not
"suffer me to enjoy it. All that is now
"left me is to submit with resignation
"to his will, and to bear the chastise-
"ment he has laid upon me as the just
"punishment for my errors."

Mrs. Montacute was so much ex-
hausted that she remained silent for some
minutes, during which Mr. Richardson

was preparing to take his leave; but, by a sign entreating him to remain, she soon after recovered, and continued as follows:

"I am on the eve of a long journey: Heaven of its infinite mercy pardon my offences, and make it a happy one!—I wish to arrange my worldly affairs, and have been some days exerting my strength to write a rough copy of my will; but my trouble will be void, if you will not condescend to oblige me in one request."

Mr. Richardson assured her, that she was welcome to command, whatever was in his power.

"I have then," continued she, "joined you with any mother as the guardian of my child. To you I owe my life, during which Mr. Richardson

“her; and I shall die happy if you accept the charge.”

Mr. Richardson promised, that, as far as in his power he would fulfil her request; but that while it pleased God to spare Mrs. Sidney, she was the most proper person to take upon her the care of her grand-daughter.

“Undoubtedly so,” replied she, “but

“I have many money concerns that are

“beyond her ability to execute; those,

“if you consent, must devolve upon

“you: and should it please Heaven to

“remove my mother, consider my child

“as one whom the immediate provi-

“dence of God has given into your

“protection.”

Mrs. Sidney was too much affected to

remain in the apartment, and had with-

drawn

E 3

drawn

drawn at the commencement of the discourse; but Mr. Richardson giving his word to execute the wishes of Mrs. Montacute, she desired that her mother might return and enjoy the satisfaction of hearing him make that promise.

The good old Lady expressed her thanks with as much composure as could be expected on such a melancholy occasion; and Mr. Richardson, glad to conceal his own feelings, as speedily as possible took leave, promising, at Mrs. Montacute's request, to visit them daily.

Mr. Richardson in some measure recovered his spirits as he rode home, where he found his young people waiting anxiously for his return.

He informed them of part of the conversation that had taken place at Hampstead,

stead, and of his own promise; adding, that he feared Mrs. Montacute would live but a short time.

Neither Charles nor Mary heard the account unmoved; the latter saying, "Poor woman, though I thought before
"I saw her that I should almost hate
"her; yet when she appeared so sorry
"for her former behaviour, I could not
"but recollect what Mrs. Sidney said to
"me; that, if she repented, I should for-
"get all her former errors."

"I saw a gentleman yesterday who
"had been perfectly well acquainted
"with the late Mr. Montacute," said
Mr. Richardson; "and from his cha-
"racter, as related to me, I should
"judge he was of a disposition to have
"spoiled even a better temper than

" Mrs. Montacute appears to have pos-
 " sessed. Proud, arrogant, and con-
 " ceited, he was a tyrant to all be-
 " neath him. Poverty was to him a
 " disease, which he shrunk from as con-
 " tagious; and though immensely rich, he
 " was mean in the disposal of the small-
 " est sums: which may in some mea-
 " sure account for their neglect of Mrs.
 " Sidney.—Poor man! he lived to feel
 " the inefficacy of riches to procure
 " happiness: for, what a blow must it be
 " at once to his pride and paternal feel-
 " ings, to consider the miserable situ-
 " ation of his only child if she yet sur-
 " vived!" "and from" Mr. Richardson
 " The character and wealth of Mr.
 " Montacute reminds me," said Charles,
 " of an observation I have lately read,
 " Mrs. " E " that

“ that it is a plain proof of how little
 “ estimation wealth is in the eye of
 “ God, when we frequently see it be-
 “ stowed on the most worthless of
 “ mortals.”

“ The remark is just,” replied Mr.
 Richardson. “ Riches in the sight of
 “ God are but as dross, yet must
 “ greatly increaseth their condemnation
 “ who possess a superfluity, and do not
 “ assist their distressed brethren. The
 “ wealthy should regard themselves as
 “ stewards to the needy; not to sup-
 “ port them in idleness, but to assist
 “ their laudable endeavours, and to
 “ give them the means of exerting
 “ their industry.”

The servant informing them that din-
 ner was upon the table, the conversa-
 tion ceased.

CHAP. VIII.

*Method of passing a rainy Afternoon—
The Bear-garden in Southwark—The
greatest Characters not exempt from
Foibles—Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-book
sold—Account of Sir Francis Bacon—
Gratitude of a faithful Servant.*

AS the afternoon proved rainy, and Mr. Richardson was disengaged, his children obtained permission to remain with him the remainder of the day.

Conversing on various subjects, Mary at length said, "In looking over the ancient map of London with Charles

" the

"the other morning, I observed a place
"in Southwark called the Bear-garden;
"pray, was it kept for a receptacle for
"bears?"

"It was a place set apart for the brutal
"amusement of bear and bull-bait-
"ing; a favourite diversion of Henry
"the Eighth, and not discountenanced
"by his daughter Elizabeth, since she
"herself frequented such spectacles.
"You must however allow for the bar-
"barity of the age in which such sports
"took place."

"Queen Elizabeth," said Charles,
"though she undoubtedly was possessed
"of the truest patriotism, and the most
"distinguished abilities, yet had foibles
"that her most strenuous admirers must
"read with a degree of mortification.
"She was vain of her person even in

"old age, and so fond of dress, that
 "after her death three thousand differ-
 "ent habits were found in her ward-
 "robe. She was likewise very fond of
 "dancing; and whenever a messenger
 "waited upon her from her successor
 "James the Sixth of Scotland, she
 "took care he should find her dancing
 "to a little fiddle—in order that he
 "might tell James of her youthful dis-
 "position, and how unlikely he was
 "to succeed to the throne he thirsted
 "after."

"The trait you have given us" of
 "Queen Elizabeth," said Mr. Richard-
 "son, "is a proof, Charles, that the great-
 "est characters have their foibles, and
 "which even their virtues cannot make
 "either overlooked or forgotten by pos-
 "terity. Persons of distinguished rank
 "require

"require a double degree of circum-
 "spection in their conduct; the world
 "views them more attentively, and ex-
 "pects more from them, than from
 "those in an inferior station. But to
 "view the fair part of Elizabeth's cha-
 "racter, her heroism was exempt from
 "temerity, her frugality from avarice;
 "her friendship from partiality, and
 "her active temper from turbulent and
 "vain ambition. She understood sever-
 "al languages, and her library was
 "well stored with Greek, Italian, Latin
 "and French books. Among others
 "was a little one in her own hand-writ-
 "ing addressed to her father. She
 "wrote a fine hand; and at an auction
 "some few years ago was sold a beauti-
 "ful prayer-book, copied by herself in
 "five languages—English, Greek, Latin,
 "and

" French

"French and Italian. At the begin-
 "ning was a miniature of the Duke of
 "Anjou, and at the end one of herself.
 "This curiosity sold for one hundred
 "and six pounds."
 "Though I do not recollect particu-
 "lars," said Mary, "I think Sir Fran-
 "cis Bacon lived in the reign of Queen
 "Elizabeth?"
 "He was born after her accession to
 "the throne," answered Mr. Richard-
 "son, "and was son to Sir Nicholas
 "Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.
 "He was one of the most distinguished
 "geniuses that any age or country hath
 "produced. The Queen, when he was
 "even yet a child, delighted to talk with
 "him; and one day asking him his age,
 "he readily answered, he was two years
 "younger than her Majesty's happy
 "reign."

reign. In his twelfth year he was en-
 tered at Trinity College, Cambridge;
 but before he was sixteen, his father
 recalled him to attend the Queen's
 Ambassador into France. His father
 dying without making the provision
 he intended for him, he afterwards
 studied the law; and in process of
 time rising to honour and preferment,
 he was in the reign of James the First
 knighted, and by patent constituted
 one of the King's learned Council.
 Increasing in dignity, he became At-
 torney-general, and at length Lord
 High Chancellor of England, and
 was created Baron of Verulam, Vis-
 count St. Albans, in Hertford-
 shire. The desire of introducing his
 new philosophy (one capital end of
 which was, to discover methods
 of

"not procuring remedies for all human
 "evils) appears to have been his rul-
 "ing passion through life. He was
 "afterwards accused of bribery and cor-
 "ruption, and condemned by the House
 "of Peers to pay a fine of forty thou-
 "sand pounds, to remain a prisoner
 "in the Tower during the King's plea-
 "sure, and rendered incapable in fu-
 "ture of holding any place of trust.
 "Notwithstanding this, he was soon
 "after restored to liberty, his fine re-
 "mitted, and he was called upon to
 "attend the first Parliament of King
 "Charles. After his sentence he re-
 "tired from civil affairs, and for five
 "years gave himself wholly up to his
 "studies. He died in the year 1626,
 "and lies buried in St. Michael's
 "Church at St. Alban's, where a mo-
 "nument

" monument was erected to his memory by
 " Sir Thomas Meautys, formerly his se-
 " cretary, but afterwards clerk of the
 " Council. The effigy of this great
 " man is in alabaſter, ſeated in an elbow-
 " chair, with a Latin inſcription by Sir
 " Henry Wotton, and which is thus
 " tranſlated: *reſteth beyond the grave*
 " *pleaſing to a virtuous mind* "

" Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam,
 " Viſcount St. Albans, or, by more conſpi-
 " cuous titles, of Science the Light, of Elo-
 " quence the Law, ſat thus: who after all
 " natural wiſdom and ſecrets of civil life
 " he had unfolded, Nature's law fulfilled,
 " 'let compounds be diſſolved!' in the
 " year of our Lord 1626, of his age 66.
 " Of ſuch a man that the memory might re-
 " main, Thomas Meautys, living his attend-

"ant, dead his admirer, placed this mo-
 "nument.

"This panegyric, as it respects his
 "literary character only, will be uni-
 "versally allowed; and the gratitude
 "of an old and faithful servant thus ex-
 "tended beyond the grave, will be ever
 "pleasing to a virtuous mind."

In similar conversation Mr. Richard-
 son passed the evening with his children;
 who at an early hour, as was their cus-
 tom, retired to rest.

with Heaven, before that tremendous hour after which there can be no repentance.

CHAPTER IX.

Admonition from a Death-bed—A Bequest—The Duty of the Rich to the Poor.

FOR near a week Mr. Richardson rode to Hampstead every day, but had not the satisfaction of finding any favourable change take place in Mrs. Montacute's health. The only consolation her friends experienced was to see the calmness and fortitude with which she bore her affliction, and the lively hope she expressed of having, by her sincere contrition, made her peace with

with Heaven, before that tremendous hour after which there can be no repentance.

Mrs. Montacute, having expressed a wish to see Charles and Mary, they one evening accompanied their father to her house. By the way he endeavoured to prepare their minds for the interview, by informing them how much more her health was impaired, and her person altered, than when they last saw her.

“But you are going, my children?” concluded she, “into a chamber which will present an awful and I hope a most useful lesson. The struggle that Mrs. Montacute now experiences, we all must undergo, and happily they who can meet it undismayed. In your gayest hours remember death; and whenever you feel inclined to com-
mit

“ mit

“mit any action that will not bear the
“test of strict integrity, take a pause
“for reflection, and, stripping the de-
“fired gratification of its alluring co-
“lours, consider how you would com-
“template it in that awful hour when
“the veil of fiction is torn from earthly
“pleasure, and when virtue and con-
“scious rectitude can alone support the
“sinking spirits. The good man meets
“death with fortitude, as the prelude
“to a blessed eternity: the bad man
“with fear and dismay, as the fore-
“runner of evils, the bare idea of
“which makes him shrink with horror.”

Such was the discourse on the road to
Hampstead, where they found Mrs. Mon-
tacute almost reduced to the last extre-
mity. Her mind was however calm, her
countenance serene, and her speech,
though

though now and then interrupted by weakness, was perfect. A faint smile enlivened her pale countenance as Mr. Richardson approached the bed: after speaking to him, she desired that Charles and Mary might draw near. They obeyed; when calling little Betsey, she said, "My dear children, will you regard this poor orphan as your sister? will you endeavour to insill into her young mind the virtuous principles implanted in yours by a wise and judicious father?"

Neither Charles nor Mary could reply, but each affectionately kissed the little girl; who clasping her arms around their necks, mingled her tears with theirs, though she scarcely comprehended why they flowed.

"Teach her," continued Mrs. Montacute,

“ tacute, “ to detest pride; ’tis the broad
“ path of sin, and no one who gives way
“ to it can say, Here will I stop, and go
“ no farther: for pride, like a rapa-
“ cious monster, the more it is gratified,
“ the more it would consume; till at
“ length, to be withheld by no bonds, it
“ breaks down every barrier of justice,
“ honour, duty, or humanity. Some it
“ hath led to the commission of every
“ crime; as violence, rapine, and mur-
“ der—myself it led to neglect the pa-
“ rent that gave me life: for, surround-
“ ed with magnificence, attended by
“ slaves who waited my smallest com-
“ mand, and fed with the choicest
“ dainties, I scarcely thought another
“ object in the creation equal to my-
“ self.

“ Affliction

"Affliction and bodily suffering," continued she, "have awakened me from the dream of folly in which I was bewildered; they have taught me that in the grave all are equal; and that the worm that preys upon the meanest peasant, pays as little respect to the dignity of his then powerless lord."

Mrs. Sidney entreated her not to exhaust herself by speaking; when, looking at her tenderly, she answered—
"Silence, my dear mother, cannot protract the stroke; the inevitable decree is gone forth, and who can put it by an hour?—nay a single minute?
"These young people, I trust, need no example to keep them in the path of duty, yet an awful lesson like the present,"
"sent,

"sent, can I think never be forgotten.
"When they remember my sufferings
"and contrition, they will, I hope, pity
"my errors, and not detest my me-
"mory."

The physician at that moment coming in, the young people withdrew. After some short conversation with him, Mrs. Montacute presented a sealed paper to Mr. Richardson, saying, "There, Sir, is my will:—leaving my child in the protection of my mother and yourself, I have no wish ungratified. I will no longer detain you in a scene that I see distresses you. I have in vain entreated my mother to leave me; her tenderness will not yield to my request; and all I can hope is, that her piety will enable her to submit

“with calmness to the decrees of
“Heaven.”

Mr. Richardson soon after left the apartment, and with his children returned to town.

Little conversation passed by the way: the scene they had witnessed had made an impression not to be easily shaken off; and, on their reaching home, at an early hour, they retired to their respective apartments.

Mrs. Montacute for three days experienced no material change, but on the fourth was seized with convulsions that terminated her sufferings. This intelligence was immediately sent to Mr. Richardson, who hastened to Mrs. Sidney, in order to alleviate her distress as much as possible, by taking upon him-
I self

self all the orders respecting the interment. Mrs. Montacute's will was opened: her fortune, which was immensely large, was left equally between her mother and child, except some few bequests; among which was a diamond ring of great value to Mr. Richardson, and two thousand pounds to each of his children; which in her will she conjured him, in the most solemn manner, to suffer them to accept.

Mr. Richardson was rather distressed than pleased at this generosity: he was himself as wealthy as a good man wishes to be, and was resolved to bring up his children in the same principles—that the superfluities of wealth were only intrusted to the possessors as a fund for

their indigent brethren; and that expending large sums in useless pomp and dissipation, was falsifying the trust reposed in them by their Creator.

Mrs. Sidney's conduct on this occasion was what he expected from her piety and well-tried resignation: she felt as a parent, but bore her loss as a Christian; drawing consolation from the reflection, that, if her daughter's life had been tinged with errors, at least her end was exemplary.

The last duties fulfilled to Mrs. Montacute's remains, which were deposited in Hampstead church-yard, Mr. Richardson would have persuaded Mrs. Sidney to move from a spot where she had witnessed so melancholy an event; but

but declining his kindness she replied,
she had reflected upon the subject, and
resolved to remain in her present resi-
dence during the summer.

Mrs. Sidney's conduct on this occa-

sion was what he expected from her

piety and well-merited resignation. He

left as a patient, but bore her out as a

Christian, drawing consolation from her

reflection that if her daughter's life had

been sacrificed, with error at least he

and was exempted from the guilt of

Time had passed in some measure

useless, and the family were

noticed in the church, and the

Richards would have been

Sidney to move from the house

had wished to be independent

of the family, and was

the subject of the

C H A P. XI.

*New Arrangements — Battersea Church ;
 painted Window there — Monument of
 Sir Edward Winter ; his extraordi-
 nary Epitaph.*

TIME having in some measure re-
 stored tranquillity in the family at Hamp-
 stead, Mrs. Sidney devoted her whole time
 to the improvement of Betsey, who soon
 began to do credit to her attention.
 Charles and Mary were likewise fre-
 quently of the party, and never better
 satisfied than when they listened to the
 instructive

instructive lesson of wisdom from their honoured monitor.

Towards the end of summer, Mr. Richardson being much engaged in business, in which he now began to make his son Charles an active agent, Mrs. Sidney entreated him to suffer Mary to pass some weeks with her; an invitation that was gladly accepted, not only by Mr. Richardson for his daughter, but also by the young lady herself, who a few days after took up her residence at Hampstead.

Their usual rambles were not however neglected. Whenever opportunity served, Mr. Richardson and his son did not fail to call on them; and in case they were prevented, Mrs. Sidney with her pupils took an airing through some of the villages near town. In one of

these, passing through Battersea, Mary expressing a wish to see the church, they left the carriage and proceeded on foot.

The church has been rebuilt within these few years, but an ancient painted window is still preserved; in which are three portraits;—the first, of Margaret Beauchamp, maternal ancestor, by her first husband Sir Oliver St. John, to the family of that name, and, by her second marriage to John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, grandmother of Henry the Seventh. The second portrait is of that monarch; and the third of Queen Elizabeth, whose grand-father Thomas Boleign, Earl of Wiltshire, was also great grand-father to the wife of Sir John St. John, the first Baronet of the family.

They

They then observed a monument, by Roubilliac, to the memory of Henry St. John Viscount Bolingbroke, and his second wife; and proceeding to examine the rest, Mary's attention was particularly attracted by one erected to the memory of Sir Edward Winter, an East India Captain in the reign of Charles the Second: of whom it is related, that being attacked in the woods by a tiger, he placed himself by the side of a pond, and when the tiger flew at him, he caught him in his arms, fell back with him into the water, got upon him, and kept him down till he drowned him. This adventure, as well as another wonderful exploit, they found vouched for in the following lines inscribed upon the monument:

- " Born to be great in fortune as in mind,
" Too great to be within an isle confined ;
" Young, helpless, friendless, seas unknown he tried,
" But English courage all those wants supply'd.
" A pregnant wit, a painful diligence ;
" Care to provide, and bounty to dispense,
" Join'd with a soul sincere, plain, open, just,
" Procur'd him friends, and friends procur'd him trust.
" These were his fortune, rise, and thus began
" The hardy youth, rais'd to that happy man.
" A rare example, and unknown to most,
" Where wealth is gain'd and conscience is not lost.
" Not less in martial honour was his name,
" Witness his actions of immortal fame.
" Alone, unarm'd, a tiger he oppress'd,
" And crush'd to death the monster of a beast :
" Thrice twenty mounted Moors he overthrew,
" Singly on foot, some wounded, some he slew,
" Dispers'd the rest : what more could Sampson do ?" }

As Mary concluded reading the epitaph, Mrs. Sidney said with a smile,

" The

" The question in the last line is very
" natural; and the whole account so
" wonderful, that it is sufficient to flag-
" ger our belief were it recorded in a
" less sacred spot; but since it has found
" place there, we cannot doubt that it has
" truth for its basis. Some circum-
" stances that we are unacquainted with
" might render these actions possible;
" otherwise I should suppose it beyond
" the strength of man to accomplish
" them."

Having examined all that they thought
worthy attention, they re-entered the
carriage, and returned home, conversing
cheerfully by the way.

C H A P. XII.

*Childish Prejudices overcome by proper
Reproof—The Gratitude of an Indian
Girl.*

THOUGH religion enabled Mrs. Sidney to bear the loss of Mrs. Montacute with a resignation that piety alone can inspire, yet the weakness of human nature was not to be entirely restrained, and fond recollection would sometimes force her to drop a tear to the memory of a daughter, whose behaviour at the close of life had rendered her more estimable.

The company of Miss Richardson, and her attention to Betsey, however, helped to divert her thoughts from dwelling too long on the distressing scene she had been engaged in. Mary's temper, though extremely lively, possessed all that deference and attention to age calculated to engage the good old lady's affection; and Betsey, naturally good-natured, by a thousand little playful rogueries, when she saw her grandmother look serious, strove to dispel her melancholy.

One of the lessons Mrs. Sidney strongly inculcated in the mind of Betsey, was a respectful veneration for the memory of her deceased parents; for, forming some ideas from Mrs. Montacute's contrite conduct, she had once or twice taken

the

the liberty to question her grand-mother, in her infantine manner, on the cause.

Frequently in the close of evening Mrs. Sidney with her pupils would walk round the church-yard, and, seating herself on a stone, relate to Betsey some amiable trait of character in her mother's childhood, carefully concealing the errors that disgraced her riper years. From this she would revert to the uncertainty of life, the variableness of fortune, and the fickleness of all earthly pleasures; representing the sublimity and consolations of virtue in a manner that never failed to interest her youthful auditors: Mary listening with attention to her persuasive discourse, and Betsey usually at the conclusion clasping her grand-mother's neck, and promising observance;

ance; in order, as she expressed it, that good people might forget, when she grew up to be a woman, that she had once been a gipsy girl.

Three evenings, at some distance from each other, as they left the church-yard, at the entrance they passed by a young girl with a small basket in her hand covered with a clean paper, and who appeared as if she wished to escape observation. She was apparently about thirteen or fourteen years old, neatly dressed in a jacket and short petticoat of coarse cotton; she was well shaped, had fine black hair, but on turning, as she passed them on the third evening, discovered a face, which, though the features were perfectly regular, and even handsome, gave great disgust to Betsey,

as

as it happened to be covered with a black skin.

The young girl had no sooner entered the church-yard, than Betsey exclaimed, "Oh, dear Mamma, what an ugly black girl! I would sooner be even a gipsy than a blackamoor."

"What!" replied Mrs. Sidney, "would you sooner be a robber, or perhaps a murderer, rather than have a dark complexion? If that be your disposition, Betsey, give me leave to tell you, that I would sooner have a negro for a grand-child, than one with a white face and such a wicked heart."

The voice of reproof was so unusual from Mrs. Sidney, that Betsey burst into tears, and sobbing she replied, "And I would

“ I would sooner be a negro myself, if
 “ that is even a blackamoor, rather than
 “ be any body else’s child than yours
 “ with a face as white as snow.”

“ Dry your tears,” said Mrs. Sidney,
 “ and be more cautious of your speech
 “ in future. God, who made you white,
 “ made her black; and both colours
 “ are equally estimable in his sight,—
 “ Poor girl,” continued she, “ perhaps
 “ torn from her parents, a miserable
 “ slave, she has no friend to comfort or
 “ cheer her drooping spirits; and would
 “ you join your contempt to the injus-
 “ tice of the world, to oppress her
 “ more?”

“ No indeed, Mamma, I would not.
 “ If ever I meet her again I will not
 “ only shake hands with her, but kiss
 “ her if she will let me.”

“ You

"You will do well," replied Mrs. Sidney: "on these conditions I will endeavour to forget what has passed."

"Had I not been ashamed to appear curious," said Mary, "I should like to have spoken to her; for I observed her eyes were filled with tears as she passed us. Have you forgotten, Madam," continued she, "that I am very rich? If this poor girl is in want, the remains of my birth-day present cannot be better expended."

"We will return, and see if she is in the church-yard," replied Mrs. Sidney; "your generous purpose shall not be frustrated if we find occasion; but, if I should judge from her appearance, her uneasiness proceeds rather from the mind than the body."

With these words they re-entered the church-

church-yard, and soon discovered the object of their pursuit standing by the side of a raised monument, her basket in one hand, and the other employed in placing something on the tomb. She was so busied that she did not perceive Mrs. Sidney and her pupils, till they reached sufficiently near to see she was in tears; when Betsey, who had neither forgotten the reproof of her grandmother, nor yet her own promise, jumped first, and, banishing her former repugnance to the young girl's complexion, laid, though with some trepidation, "Little girl, if you will shake hands with me and give me a kiss, I will thank you; for Mamma Sidney will not love me unless I love you."

The young Indian, for she was a
Gentoo,

Gentoo, snatched the hand of Betsey, and pressed it to her lips.—“Bless you
“—bless you, sweet Miss,” answered she; “you warm my heart—I thought
“nobody now care for poor Rosa!”

“My good girl,” said Mrs. Sidney,
“I have observed you here three
“nights; why do you frequent this
“church-yard? and what have you in
“your basket?”

The girl’s emotion for some moments prevented her reply; at length she answered in her broken English, “Every
“night poor Rosa lay flowers on good
“Lady’s grave.”

Mrs. Sidney then questioned her respecting her situation, and to whom she belonged: to which she answered, that she came from the East Indies six months before,

before, with a Lady who was lately dead.

“She lie in that grave,” continued the weeping girl; “she love God better than all the world: she go to him, and leave Rosa to be beat and pinched.—

“Ah! me wish me die too!”

“My poor child,” said Mrs. Sidney, “your ignorance will, I hope, plead an excuse for the impiety of that wish; which, when you are instructed in the sacred duties of Christianity, you will feel the full extent of. If God hath taken one friend from you, it is in his power to raise you another.”

“Rosa no friend now,” answered the girl.—“God forget Rosa, because nobody teach Rosa how to pray.”

“No, my good girl, you shall neither want a friend nor an instructor, if
“you

“ you are inclined to follow the dictates
“ of truth and religion. Tell me
“ where you live, and if you can have
“ leave to call upon me to-morrow
“ morning?”

The girl answered, that she was now with her late mistress's sister at a house upon the Heath, where she should remain till she was sent back to India; a thought that appeared to overwhelm her with sorrow.

Mrs. Sidney then asked, if her Lady was at home? in which case she would pay her a visit.

Rosa answered, that her mistress was then at Bath; and as Mrs. Sidney had given her leave, she would take the opportunity to call upon her the ensuing day.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sidney then gave her the address, and, taking her pupils by the hand, bid the young Gentoo good night : Betsey giving her a kiss with very little reluctance."

CHAP. XIII.

*Slavery—Writing particular Events, or
Observations necessary in the Education
of Youth—The Manuscript produced.*

ON their return home the young
Gentoo furnished them with a subject of
conversation till bed-time.

“ Poor child ! ” said Mrs. Sidney, “ I
“ fear she is now a slave to the Lady
“ whom she appears to hold in so much
“ dread. Her late mistress, it is evident,
“ by the affection she expresses for her,
“ did not make her feel the yoke of
“ bondage: and though she is free by
“ the

“ the laws of this kingdom, yet we may
“ find it difficult to be of essential ser-
“ vice to her ; we will, however, con-
“ sult your father on the subject ; he is
“ better acquainted with the negotiation
“ of all kind of business than we are.
“ —I will willingly advance any sum
“ that may be required to purchase her
“ freedom, if it can be effected.”

“ And I,” said Mary, pulling out
her purse and laying it in Mrs. Sidney’s
lap, “ have fortunately not expended
“ the money my Papa gave me on my
“ birth-day. There are six guineas ;
“ take them, dear Madam : if they can
“ help to buy this poor girl from a cruel
“ mistress, how happy shall I think my-
“ self !”

Betsey, who had been listening atten-
tively during the discourse, could no

longer restrain her curiosity.—“ What,
“ Mamma,” said she, “ do people sell
“ girls? I thought they sold nothing
“ but horses, cows, sheep and pigs!”

Mrs. Sidney took Betsey’s hand :
“ Yes, my love,” answered she, “ man-
“ kind is so depraved, that they buy
“ and sell each other like beasts of
“ burthen, make them and their chil-
“ dren slaves, and scourge them with
“ whips when they do not act conform-
“ ably to their orders or caprices.”

“ What have the poor creatures done
“ to make them used so ill, Mamma?”
asked Betsey.

“ They have black faces,” answered
Mrs. Sidney. “ You know how dis-
“ gusting even poor Rosa appeared to
“ you, though she is an East Indian,
“ and

“ and among the handsomest of that
“ cast of people. Had she been your
“ slave, would not that naughty preju-
“ dice in favour of colour have some-
“ times influenced you to behave im-
“ properly to her?”

Betsey remained silent, and Mrs. Sidney continued: “ The boasted superi-
“ ority of the European in point of per-
“ son, is only in the skin; and were you
“ by any accident to be thrown into
“ their country, you would be equally
“ disgusting to the natives, as those un-
“ happy people are now to you: in
“ which case, consider what you would
“ suffer, not only from being torn
“ from all your friends and made a
“ slave, but also from the scorn and de-
“ rision which you would constantly
“ meet with from your appearance.”

“Mamma,” answered Betsey, “I
“did not think Rosa ugly at all when
“I looked more at her. I will join all
“my money to Miss Richardson’s to
“help to buy her; I can do very well
“without a great doll, for you said yes-
“terday I grew very tall.”

“I hope you will increase in goodness
“as well as in stature,” answered Mrs.
Sidney. “If we have occasion for your
“wealth, we shall undoubtedly claim it.
“For the present you must retire to
“bed; in a couple of hours Miss Ri-
“chardson and myself will follow your
“example.”

At the appointed time on the en-
suing morning, the Gentoo girl paid
them

them the expected visit. Mrs. Sidney inquired particularly into her situation, and the account she received increased her inclination to serve her. Her story, as well as she could recollect from her infancy, she related to them, and did not fail to draw tears from her young friends. At length dismissing her with a present, Mrs. Sidney promised to see her again, and in the intervening time to consider in what manner she could serve her.

After Rosa's departure, Mary remained for some time thoughtful; at length said, addressing Mrs. Sidney, " My dear Madam, I would give any
" thing my father had heard that poor
" girl's story; not but that I well know
" he will be interested for her, yet I
" think the effect would have been re-

"doubled had he been present at the
"recital."
"She speaks English so indiffe-
"rently," answered Mrs. Sidney, "that
"it is rather difficult to her at times to
"make her meaning perfectly under-
"stood: however, she succeeded tolera-
"bly well, and, as we have long been
"talking of writing exercises, suppose
"you take her story for your first at-
"tempt, divesting it of her foreign
"idiom;—you are welcome to any as-
"sistance in my power. Present it to
"your father, and he will give his opi-
"nion before he knows it is a real ob-
"ject."

Mary started many difficulties, but
Mrs. Sidney's persuasions over-ruled
them; and withdrawing for four hours
during the afternoon, and the same time

on

on the ensuing day, she succeeded in retracing on paper all the young Gentoo had related to them. There were however many errors in language, which Mrs. Sidney pointed out, and which being carefully corrected, and the whole fairly copied, the manuscript was laid by for Mr. Richardson's inspection.

Mary now waited for a visit from her father and brother with impatience; and the second day after she had completed her arduous task, she had the satisfaction to see them arrive at an early hour.

After dinner, the conversation turned upon the improvement of the young people; when Mrs. Sidney, who well knew Mary's impatience to introduce the discourse, said, "Within these few days
" Miss Richardson has adopted a mea-

“ sure I recommended to her : it is, to
“ write down any real event, observa-
“ tion, or even ideal matter, that parti-
“ cularly strikes her. It will at once
“ improve her hand-writing, exercise
“ her mind, accustom her to write with
“ ease and elegance, and impress upon
“ her memory objects worthy recollec-
“ tion. I have remarked that many
“ people, who have in conversation
“ shewn no want of common under-
“ standing, find such difficulty, and
“ express so much dislike to writing let-
“ ters, that it has given me pain for them.
“ This arises entirely from want of prac-
“ tice. Were the mind accustomed early
“ to be exercised in writing upon va-
“ rious subjects, the difficulty would
“ vanish, and writing be nearly as easy
“ as speaking.”

Mr.

Mr. Richardson entirely coincided with Mrs. Sidney; and the good old Lady desiring Mary to produce her first attempt, she presented it to Charles, desiring him to read it to her father.

“ You have been very assiduous in—
“ deed, Mary,” said Mr. Richardson, glancing his eye over the manuscript,
“ if I may judge from the quantity.”

“ My dear father,” answered Mary,
“ I am not ashamed to confess, that
“ numberless corrections and alterations
“ have taken place since it was first
“ written: however, I hope I shall
“ profit by the instructions of Mrs.
“ Sidney, and in time give her less
“ trouble.”

“ I do not doubt it,” answered he,

G 5

“ but

"but I am all attention—come, Charles,
"begin."

"Willingly, Sir," said he; "I am
"myself impatient, for even the name
"interests me."

C H A P. XIV.

The History of a Gentoo Slave.

“THE writer of these pages thinks
“ it necessary to inform the reader,
“ that the young girl who related the
“ following story spoke such imperfect
“ English, that it was impossible to give
“ it exactly in her own words; and
“ that though the compiler may have
“ succeeded in rendering it intelligible,
“ yet it has unavoidably lost many of
“ those simple expressions of natural ten-
“ derness and affection which never fail
“ to interest the heart :

“ I was born in a fertile and pleasant
“ valley in the province of Ratipore.
“ My father possessed a comfortable
“ hut, a delightful garden, and an ex-
“ tensive rice ground. My mother,
“ myself, and a younger sister, were his
“ whole family : he loved us with un-
“ bounded affection; and though he
“ worked incessantly at the cultivation
“ of his rice, on which we entirely de-
“ pended for support, yet he was used
“ to say—he felt no fatigue from his
“ labour when he reached home, and
“ contemplated the faces of his wife
“ and children. His industry not only
“ furnished us with plenty, but enabled
“ him to supply a neighbouring factory
“ belonging to the English. One day
“ when he had been to make an agree-
“ ment for a considerable quantity of
“ rice,

“ rice, he returned so changed both in
“ person and manners, that he caused
“ my mother the utmost alarm; he
“ talked wildly, laughed, cried, danced,
“ sung, and committed so many extra-
“ vagancies, that my mother concluded
“ he had lost his reason; and hastening
“ to an aged Bramin that dwelt in the
“ valley, she entreated him to visit my
“ father, and pray that the evil spirit
“ might depart from him. When the
“ Bramin entered our dwelling, he
“ considered my father attentively, and
“ turning to my mother said, ‘ Thy
“ husband, oh woman! is not afflicted
“ in the manner thou fearest; as a swine
“ sleepeth off the fumes of its gluttony,
“ so will thy husband by sleep recover
“ his understanding. His affliction
“ cometh not from above, but from the
“ luxurious.

“ luxurious dwelling of the Europeans;
“ who, not content with sharing our
“ wealth, empoison our brethren with
“ their intoxicating beverages, which
“ are sweet as honey to the taste,
“ but as a liquid fire in the bowels; and,
“ whose fumes mounting to the brain,
“ render men beasts as thou seest. Let
“ thy mind rest in peace, to-morrow
“ will I rebuke him:—good advice is
“ lost upon him that hath no ears; and
“ Wisdom casteth not away her counsel
“ upon drunkards.’

“ The good Bramin departed; and,
“ as he said, the next day my father had
“ recovered his understanding; but he
“ rose not with the sun, and his head
“ was so hot that my mother was neces-
“ sitated to keep it cool with wet plan-
“ tain leaves. In a few days he how-
“ ever

“ ever recovered his usual health; and
“ my mother adding her entreaties to
“ the chidings of the Bramin, he strictly
“ promised he would taste no more of
“ the dangerous liquor that had so dis-
“ ordered him, and alarmed us.
“ Alas! this promise was forgotten,
“ and my father returned one evening
“ from the factory even more disor-
“ dered than the first time. My mother
“ however did not call in the Bramin as
“ before, but closed the door of our
“ hut, and kept all silent, that the dis-
“ grace of my father might be con-
“ cealed, as she said, within our own
“ walls. From this time scarcely a week
“ passed without a renewal of this dis-
“ agreeable scene: my mother when
“ alone was constantly in tears; and as
“ I was then more than ten years old,
“ I had

" I had sufficient knowledge to share in
" her grief. The unhappy propensity
" my father had contracted not only
" distressed the minds of his family, but
" plunged us in difficulties that we could
" not surmount. His rice fields were
" neglected, and his fences broken
" down; stray animals got in and de-
" voured and trampled down all before
" them. It seemed as though the liquor
" of the Europeans possessed the pro-
" perty of deadening the spirit of in-
" dustry, and rooting out every feeling
" of tenderness from the heart; for
" even this calamity made no impres-
" sion on my father, who, after meditat-
" ing the whole day, took nearly the
" last of our rice to the factory, and
" exchanged it for his favourite beve-
" rage. To remonstrate with him that
" bad I " " night

" night was unavailing; but on the en-
" suing morning, my mother with great
" tenderness ventured to lay before
" him the ruin that inevitably threaten-
" ed us, unless he resolved upon a
" change of conduct. He heard her
" throughout with great patience, and
" at length replied—that he had con-
" sidered on the subject, and his resolu-
" tion was taken: 'I will no longer
" labour,' said he, 'and toil for a pal-
" try subsistence. — The Rajah of the
" next district has entered into an agree-
" ment with the Europeans, and is now
" raising soldiers in case he should be
" called upon to assist them. I am
" determined to enter among them.
" 'Tis true that at present I shall leave
" you distressed; but fear not, I shall
" soon return laden with wealth suf-
" ficient

“ficient to place you in comfort and
“happiness.”

“ ‘Alas!’ answered my mother, look-
“ing affectionately at him and her child-
“dren, ‘my comfort is all inclosed
“within the narrow walls of this hut;
“my wealth,’ continued she, pointing
“towards the rice ground, ‘was even
“more than I desired: would it had
“been less! then perhaps thou hadst
“still been unacquainted with these be-
“witching draughts, that have had power
“to stifle the voice of nature in thy
“heart:—Oh, my husband,’ said she;
“falling at his feet, ‘awake, awake
“from this dangerous delusion! In-
“dustry will speedily repair all our
“damages: though a woman, I will
“labour by thy side without murmur
“or reproof;—I will remember it is
“for

" for thee and for my children that I
" toil, and a single complaint shall not
" escape my lips."

" My father appeared moved; but if
" so, the emotion was soon stifled, for
" long before sunrise the ensuing day
" he left us, and, as we judged, had
" taken the step he meditated."

" Left almost destitute of any thing
" to support life, my mother and myself
" incessantly laboured to cultivate and
" secure a small portion of our late ex-
" tensive rice-fields, and were so suc-
" cessful, that though we could not
" boast of a superfluity, at least we no
" longer were in danger of want.—Alas!
" how can I continue?—the cruel re-
" membrance almost breaks my heart."
" One morning, as we were gathering
" the produce of our labour for the
" time

“ time of scarcity, a small serpent, that
 “ had concealed itself among the rice,
 “ suddenly stung my mother so severely
 “ that she screamed aloud. I hastened
 “ to her, and, aware of the danger,
 “ with trembling limbs led her back
 “ to our hut; from whence I sent
 “ my little sister to entreat the Bramin
 “ to hasten and advise me. The good
 “ old man immediately obeyed the sum-
 “ mons; but, alas! his words gave me
 “ no comfort: for, seated by the side of
 “ my mother’s couch, he examined the
 “ wound, then addressed her nearly
 “ thus:—‘ Daughter of mortality, let
 “ the cares of life flee before thee like
 “ an idle dream; direct thy mind to
 “ those higher scenes thou wilt speedily
 “ be engaged in. A good wife, a ten-
 “ der mother, and one who has worthily
 “ fulfilled

“ fulfilled all the duties imposed upon
“ her by her religion, has nothing to
“ dread:—The sun seteth but to rise
“ again with fresh splendour; so doth
“ the life of the virtuous only close to
“ give existence to the immortal part.
“ Why lookest thou at thy children
“ with tearful eyes? The Power whose
“ rain watereth the young plants and
“ bringeth them to perfection, will not
“ forget the work of his hands. Thou
“ diest,’ continued he, ‘ by the sting of
“ a serpent; thy wound is painful, but
“ is not to be compared with the pangs
“ of those who bear the sting of vice
“ within their own hearts.’

“ A benumbing stupor that stole over
“ my mother’s senses made her insensible
“ of the Bramin’s discourse; but he left us
“ not till her spirit had fled, and we beheld

“ ourselves orphans: for of our father
“ we had never received any intelli-
“ gence.

“ My grief was so great that I had
“ sunk under it, but for the kindness of
“ the venerable Bramin: he called to-
“ gether some cottagers who dwelt in a
“ distant part of the valley, and, on the
“ second day after my mother’s death,
“ she was laid in the earth. The good
“ man, for the first month after her
“ burial, made us every night lay fresh
“ flowers and fruits upon her grave, ac-
“ cording to the ancient rites of the
“ Gentoos: nor did we need the order
“ to be repeated, till an accident hap-
“ pened which not only tore us from
“ that duty, but from our hut, and the
“ only friend we possessed. The Euro-
“ peans had quarrelled with the Rajah
“ in

“ in whose service my father was en-
“ gaged, and several severe conflicts had
“ ensued. Distressed for food, his
“ troops had scoured the country, plun-
“ dering alike friends and foes. In one
“ of these researches our poor cot was
“ unfortunate enough to attract their
“ attention; and though from its appear-
“ ance it undoubtedly promised little,
“ some of the men entered. Our ap-
“ pearance bespoke our poverty, but
“ was not sufficient to save us from fur-
“ ther distress; for the leader, observing
“ myself and my young sister, ordered
“ us to be placed upon a camel, and for
“ the present kept with the army, but,
“ when opportunity served to be sent
“ to his wife, who was the Rajah's sister,
“ and had requested him to procure
“ her some young female slaves. Dis-
“ tracted

“traded with this order, we rent the
“air with our cries; but our resistance
“was overcome by blows, and we were
“tied upon the camel, where we wept
“until our eyes would no longer furnish
“tears to express our anguish. In
“three days we reached the main body
“of the army, who were in camp, and
“not able to move having been, for some
“time, afflicted with a malignant and
“communicative fever. This disease almost
“immediately seized upon my
“poor sister, and in three days deprived
“me of the only comfort my misfortunes
“had left me.

“But my sorrows were not yet at
“their height: one night, from the negligence
“of our outposts, the camp was
“surprised, and a great slaughter ensued;
“though the Rajah's troops were,
“from

“ from their number, at length powerful
“ enough to drive back the English.
“ The day following a severe scrutiny
“ took place, when it was discovered
“ that the misfortune had arisen from
“ the sentinels being intoxicated; and
“ they were in consequence sentenced
“ to be immediately strangled by the
“ bow-string. As the unhappy men
“ were led to death, they passed the tent
“ set apart for the women, (for the sol-
“ diers had taken several in their march).
“ I was standing at the opening—but
“ judge my horror, distraction, and grief,
“ when in the first I discovered my mis-
“ guided, but still dear father. I scream-
“ ed aloud—he fixed his eyes upon me,
“ knew me, and, in a voice of anguish,
“ articulated my mother’s name. I re-
“ collect no more; I was insensible to
Vol. II. H “ every

“ every thing, till I found myself
 “ stretched upon my straw, and sur-
 “ rounded by my companions in misery.”

CHAP. XV.

Continuation of the History of a Gentle-
 man of the name of John, who was
 born in the year 1710, and was
 educated at the University of
 Oxford, where he took the degree
 of a Doctor of Divinity in the
 year 1735. He was then
 appointed to the Rectory of a
 parish in the County of Oxford,
 and continued in that situation
 for many years, during which
 time he was distinguished by
 his piety and his talents. He
 died in the year 1780, and
 was buried in the church of his
 parish.

CHAP. II.

CHAP. XV.

*Continuation of the History of a Gentoo
Slave.*

“THE anguish of the dreadful mo-
“ ment in which I saw my father led
“ away to death, surpassed all that I
“ had before suffered; I had no one,
“ however, to speak comfort to me in
“ my affliction; the female companions
“ of my slavery had sorrow enough to
“ weep for of their own; and as to the
“ soldiers, if ever they had possessed feel-
“ ing, the horrors and carnage that sur-
“ rounded

"rounded them made them now re-
 "gardless of it. I had no longer a
 "tear to give to the memory of my
 "dear mother, or little sister; all flowed
 "for my father, whose death appeared
 "far more terrible: nay, I even felt

"something like pleasure on the reflec-
 "tion that they had escaped the know-
 "ledge of so much sorrow.

"As the attack that the Rajah's troops
 "had suffered made it necessary for
 "them to remove, they began their
 "march as speedily as possible; and
 "sending the slaves forward with a light
 "guard, they fortified themselves in the
 "defiles of the mountains.

"After a journey of near a fortnight
 "we reached the Rajah's territories,
 "where with my companions I was pre-
 "sented to my future mistress. After

"a strict

" a strict examination of what we were
" capable of, he appointed us to differ-
" ent employments: mine was to assist in
" attending her son and daughter; and,
" as I was fond of children, I cannot
" but confess I was pleased with the ar-
" rangement.

" The hardships that slaves suffer
" from their European owners have fre-
" quently been descanted upon; but
" nothing, I think, could exceed what
" I had to endure from these dreadful
" children. Born under the same sky,
" they had no difference of colour to
" furnish them with an excuse for their
" wanton and unprovoked cruelty; but,
" as we were slaves, thought themselves
" authorised to treat us as they pleased.
" Our skins they frequently scorched
" with wax lights, or scarified by
" pins;

pins, and if excess of torture obliged us to complain loud enough to cause inquiry, the usual answer was—"Tis nothing, but the Princess's children amuse themselves with the Gentoo slaves."

"At length I experienced a change of situation. The English having defeated the Rajah's troops, he was necessitated to sue for peace; which was at length granted, but on severe conditions. The Rajah was obliged to furnish a large quantity of gold; beside which, to render his new-made friends propitious, he presented them with various valuable gifts, as jewels, silks, muslins, two elephants, several camels for burthen, and twenty slaves, among which number I was included.

"I thought no servitude could be worse

" worse than what I had experienced
" with the Rajah's sister, and therefore
" rejoiced at the change. On reach-
" ing the English settlement, the valu-
" ables and the beasts were carefully se-
" cured; but the slaves were held in
" such small estimation, that they be-
" came the property of any person who
" chose to be troubled with them. An
" inferior officer, but very rich, pre-
" sented me to his wife, where I expe-
" rienced a fate of scarcely less severity
" than I had before undergone with the
" Rajah's sister. My mistress, whose
" name was Smithson, was young, and
" her gentle features, I thought, pro-
" mised me happiness—Alas! I was
" mistaken; the smallest error used to
" draw upon me the most severe punish-
" ment. In the extreme heat of the
H 4 " day

day she would not even move from
 one apartment to another, but, seated
 on a sofa, some slaves used to carry
 her where she commanded; while
 others with large fans kept a refreshing
 breeze around her. Sometimes, for-
 getful of the dignity she assumed, she
 would even beat and pinch us herself,
 spit in our faces, and vent bitter jeals
 upon our colour and situation. I was
 once so severely scourged that I could
 not walk for several days, for having
 had the misfortune to tread upon her
 French lap-dog. Another time I was
 so cruelly beaten, that a whole month
 was not sufficient to heal my bruises.
 But as this last punishment was pro-
 ductive of much happiness, I will re-
 late it particularly.
 It was my mistress's custom to sleep

H 2

" in

“ in the afternoon, and for two of the
“ slaves to remain in the apartment and
“ fan her during her repose. One day
“ a grand entertainment being to be
“ given, all the slaves were employed,
“ and I alone had the charge of keep-
“ ing my mistress cool during her sum-
“ mer. The windows of the apartment
“ were open, and though I was parti-
“ cularly careful to prevent the flies
“ from disturbing her, a muskito, un-
“ perceived by me, settled upon her
“ eyelid, and stung her severely. She
“ immediately awoke, and, discovering
“ the cause, expressed the most violent
“ rage against me; which was fearfully
“ increased, when, on calling for a look-
“ ing-glass, she found her face so greatly
“ swelled and inflamed, that it was im-
“ possible she could be seen in company

that evening. Her rage knew no bounds; she lashed me, and tore off my hair by handfuls; and fear making me fly from her, she even pursued me into the colonnade that surrounded the house, where she threw me down and continued her blows. At that moment a lady entered from the opposite end of the colonnade, and with an exclamation of horror ran towards us, calling upon my mistress to desist. The request was immediately attended to; and I could not but observe that my mistress was greatly ashamed of being caught in so derogatory an employment. No conversation passed before me—I was indeed glad to escape—but three days after, my mistress said, presenting me to the Lady who had come in during

“ my

"my distress—Take her, sisters, and
 "I hope your pity will be repaid; but
 "observe, I foretold that your mis-
 "placed charity will some time or other
 "have troublesome consequences."
 "I went home with my new mistress,
 "who I soon found was almost wor-
 "shipped by her dependents: mild and
 "unassuming, she spoke to her slaves in
 "a voice that at once commanded wil-
 "ling obedience and sincere affection.
 "Ah! my happiness was too great to
 "be lasting; for it made me almost forget
 "what I had suffered, and that I was
 "still a slave!
 "My dear mistress was a widow, and
 "only remained in India to settle her
 "affairs, which were left in some dis-
 "order at the death of her husband.
 "She had no children living, and her
 "sister,

"sister, Mrs. Smithson, was her only
"relation. I loved my mistress too
"well not to see that her health declin-
"ed; and one day that I was alone with
"a young mulatto girl speaking on the
"subject, my dear lady came suddenly
"in, and, surprising me in tears, asked
"the reason. I was silent, but on her
"repeating the question, the mulatto
"answered, 'No angry, Missy, Rosa
"only cry because you skin grow yel-
"low, and you cough so bad.'
"My mistress made no reply then;
"but in the evening, as I helped her to
"undress, she said, 'I think I shall go
"to England; what say you, Rosa, will
"you attend me there?'
"I was taking off her stockings when
"she spoke. I could not answer, but,
"kissing

"kissing her foot, I at length said, I
 "would live and die with her.
 "My poor girl!" answered she, "I
 "hope I shall live to requite your fide-
 "lity. My sister, I think, did not know
 "your disposition, or she would have
 "treated you with more kindness. We
 "will pray to God, Rosa, to make her
 "more gentle to your brethren in cap-
 "tivity. All Christians pray to God;
 "shall I teach you to be a Christian,
 "Rosa?"
 "In my broken accent I said, I
 "would be what she would with me;
 "for what she was must be good.
 "The day after this discourse Mrs.
 "Smithson failed for England, as she
 "had long designed; and as speedily
 "as possible my mistress was to follow
 "her;

“her; which we did in about six weeks
“after. On our arrival, Mrs. Smithson had
“engaged a house on Hampstead Heath,
“and, until my dear mistress was suited,
“we were to reside there. I trembled as
“I entered the house; not that I feared
“her if my dear mistress lived, but I
“well knew, in case of her death, she
“would use me with the utmost severity;
“for she ever regarded me with a ma-
“lignancy that inspired me with dread.
“My dear mistress’s health grew
“alarmingly worse; she was, however,
“still able to walk about, and, as Mrs.
“Smithson was a great deal in London,
“I was her companion. In these walks
“the whole conversation turned on my
“being a Christian; and one morning
“she

"good people go, and left no one to
 "grieve for her so bitterly as Rosa.
 "Mrs. Smithson set off for Bath the
 "very night after her death; but did
 "not fail to tell me before her depar-
 "ture, that I should be sent back to
 "India on her return. In a week my
 "dear mistress was buried; and as no one
 "visited or paid honours to her tomb,
 "I thought that duty devolved upon
 "me. The servants one night watched
 "me, and called me a black pagan
 "wretch; but I had rather be that, than
 "a faithless white servant, if they are
 "insensible to the obligations conferred
 "upon them by a good and humane
 "mistress."
 Charles ceased reading, and Mr. Ri-
 chardson, addressing Mary, said, "My
 "dear

" dear girl, if I have not interrupted
" the narrative to express my approba-
" tion, it was because I was too much
" interested to spare time. If even the
" foundation of this story is yours, I am
" perfectly satisfied with it, convinced
" that with such an instructress as Mrs.
" Sidney you will speedily improve.
" How you came in your first essay to
" choose a subject of fancy surprises me;
" I should rather have expected you to
" have related some historical event or
" occurrence that you had been engaged
" in, as that undoubtedly must have
" been executed with less difficulty. I
" am however at once surprised and de-
" lighted; and must insist that you tell
" me how I can express my satisfaction
" in a manner to give you equal plea-
" sure."

" My

"My dear father," answered Mary
confusedly, "I do not deserve your
praises; if I did, I would ask you to
assist our good friend Mrs. Sidney in
endeavouring to liberate this poor
girl.—Rosa is no fictitious character;
nor did I give any proof of genius in
relating her story, I wrote it, merely
at Mrs. Sidney's request, from me-
mory. Ah! Sir, if you had heard
it in Rosa's innocent broken lan-
guage, and seen the tears she shed
while she made us the relation, you
would have been equally as interested
as we are."
"I am interested, my beloved girl,
and glory in being the parent of a
daughter who so early gives me proofs
of the excellence of her disposition.
In this business I am entirely at your
service;

"service; but must entreat you to satisfy my curiosity, as to where you first met with this poor girl, and whether she is now situated as you have expressed at the close of the narrative."

Mrs. Sidney then explained the whole adventure; adding, that Mrs. Smithson was not yet come from Bath, or that she should have waited on her.

"The poor girl, if I remember right, was referred to the clergyman of the parish," said Mr. Richardson; "surely she has not neglected that command?"

"Undoubtedly not," answered Mrs. Sidney; "she waited on him the day after the funeral, but found his brother officiated for him; his wife having been suddenly taken ill at a considerable distance in the country—a circumstance"

"circumstance that obliged him to hasten
"to her."

More conversation passed upon the
same subject, until it growing late Mr.
Richardson and his son took leave; the
former promising to call at Hampstead
early the next day, and take measures to
procure the freedom of their new fa-
vorite Rosa.

As Mr. Richardson and his son rode
home, Rosa's unhappy fate furnished
them with conversation. His wife hav-
ing said of all wices, said Mr. Richardson,
"I know of none more dangerous than
that of immoderate love of wine;
"which

circumstances that obliged him to hasten
to her. Some more conversation passed upon the
same subject. Mr. Richardson and his son took leave. The

former promising to call at Hampstead

A Love of Wine to be carefully avoided—

A Palace and beautiful Garden at Ely-

Place, Holborn—Grand Entertainment

in the Great Hall there—Henry the

Eighth committed to the Poultry Comp-

ter—Prices of Provision in the Year

1531.

AS Mr. Richardson and his son rode home, Rosa's unhappy fate furnished them with conversation.

"Of all vices," said Mr. Richardson,

"I know of none more dangerous than

"that of immoderate love of wine;

"which

“ which operates on different disposi-
“ tions in various manners. Some it
“ reduces to a beastly stupidity that ren-
“ ders them insensible of every thing :
“ others it acts upon more dangerously,
“ and makes them commit the most
“ wicked and barbarous actions ; for,
“ how frequently have we heard intoxi-
“ cation pleaded as an extenuation of
“ murder ! This excuse with me by no
“ means lessens the guilt ; for, if a man
“ in the possession of his understanding
“ can, to gratify a gluttonous appetite,
“ drink such maddening draughts as he
“ well knows will have dangerous, and
“ perhaps fatal effects, I cannot hold
“ him the less culpable on that account.
“ A love of wine by being gratified
“ steals insensibly upon us, and should
“ be checked before it hath arisen to

“ too great a height: youth has no oc-
“ cation for it, and at more advanced
“ age it should rather be considered as
“ a cordial to be used occasionally,
“ than a necessity. A great literary
“ character, whom I have read of, had
“ naturally an inclination for wine,
“ which had he given way to, he un-
“ doubtedly had never been equal to
“ the arduous tasks which he com-
“ pleted, and that made him honoured
“ while living, and respected when dead.
“ His custom was, to make a firm reso-
“ lution to drink no wine for stated
“ periods; as, for a month, two months,
“ or sometimes more; a determination
“ when once formed, he ever pre-
“ served inviolate, and by that means re-
“ strained his inclination for a liquor
“ which, when taken in moderation,

“acts as a restorative to man; but when
 “drunk in excess becomes, if not a
 “deadly, the most dangerous of all poi-
 “sons.”

Mr. Richardson was here interrupted
 by the carriage stopping at Ely Place,
 Holborn, where he had ordered the
 coachman to call in his way homeward.
 A short time served him to transact his
 business there, and re-entering the car-
 riage he said to his son—“What a dif-
 “ference has taken place here since
 “the reign of Richard the Third;
 “who, Holinshed tells us, on the very
 “morning he sentenced Lord Hastings
 “to be put to death, requested a dish of
 “strawberries from the Bishop of Ely’s
 “garden, which was adjoining this spot.”
 The Bishop’s residence was also
 near

"near this place at that period, I should
"conjecture?" said Charles.
"It was. As early as the year 1290;
"that John de Kirkby, Bishop of Ely,
"laid the foundation of the palace, by be-
"queathing several messuages in this
"place for that purpose. William de
"Luda, his successor, extended the
"plan, until at length the garden con-
"sisted of twenty, some authors say
"forty acres; which was inclosed within
"a wall, and the ground accounted
"famous for its fine vegetable produc-
"tions. Here was a noble and vene-
"rable hall, seventy-four feet long,
"lighted by six gothic windows, and all
"the furniture suited to the hospitality
"of the times:—the serjeants at law fre-
"quently borrowed this hall, to hold
"their feasts in, on account of its size.

"In the year 1531, grand entertain-
ments were held here for five days
successively. On the first day Henry
the Eighth, and his first wife Cath-
arine of Arragon, honoured them by
their presence. The entertainment
was so sumptuous, that it resembled a
coronation feast; but, if you will re-
mind me when we reach home, I will
show you the historian Stow's account
of the provisions, which will at once
give you an idea of the greatness of
the entertainment, and the scarcity
of money in those days."

"And does this land, Sir, still belong
to the Bishops of Ely?" said Charles.

"No. The several buildings apper-
taining to this palace falling to decay,
it was thought proper to enable the
Bishop, by act of Parliament, in the

"year 1772, to alienate the whole;
 "which was accordingly sold to the
 "crown, for the sum of six thousand
 "five hundred pounds, together with
 "an annuity of two hundred pounds a
 "year to be paid to the Bishop and his
 "successors forever. Part of the gross
 "sum was expended in building a house
 "in Dover-street, for the bishops of
 "Ely, and the remainder in purchases
 "for their emolument.
 "This conversation lasted until they
 "reached Cheapside; when passing through
 "the Poultry, Charles said, "If I do not
 "mistake, there is a prison somewhere
 "in this vicinity?"
 "The Compter," answered Mr. Ri-
 "chardson; "a prison where offenders
 "are committed for various crimes and
 "misdemeanours: and, since you have

reminded me of it, I must tell you an anecdote which may perhaps make you smile. It was Henry the Eighth's custom sometimes to walk unattended through the city, in order to see that the inferior officers of the police did their duty. On these occasions he was not only disguised, but walked with a staff, which had three match-lock pistols in it, with coverings to keep the charges dry. Thus armed, as he was one night walking near the bridge-foot, the constable stopped him, to know what he did with so dangerous a weapon at that time of night. Henry, who was not endowed with any great degree of patience, immediately struck him; but the constable calling the watchmen to his assistance, his

" Majesty

His Majesty was overpowered, and taken
 to the Poultry Compter, where he was
 confined till morning. When the
 keeper was informed of the rank of
 his prisoner, he sent in haste for the
 constable, who came trembling with
 fear, expecting nothing less than death
 for the error he had committed. But,
 to the honour of Henry he it re-
 membered, instead of anger he ap-
 plauded him for his honesty, and made
 him a handsome present. At the
 same time he settled upon St. Mag-
 nus parish an annual grant of twenty-
 three pounds and a mark. He also
 made a provision for furnishing thirty
 chaldrons of coals and a large allow-
 ance of bread, annually for ever, to-
 wards the relief of the prisoners who

"might hereafter be confined in the
 "Poultry Compter."

Charles had scarcely time to thank
 his father for this anecdote when they
 reached home; where they had been but
 a short time when he reminded him of
 his promise of shewing him Stow's ac-
 count of the provisions expended at the
 entertainment given at the great hall in
 Ely-Place.

Mr. Richardson having satisfied his
 son's curiosity on the subject, Charles
 said, "My dear Sir, this account ap-
 pears so extraordinary at the present
 time, that I will, if you please, tran-
 scribe it, to shew to my sister."

Mr. Richardson approved his design,
 and Charles, copying the articles from
 Stow, wrote as follows:

Provisions

*Provisions consumed at an Entertainment
given in the Great Hall at Ely-Place,
Holborn, in the Year 1531.*

Brought to the slaughter-
house or beeves, at - 1 6 8 each.
One carcase of an ox
from the shambles - 1 4 0
One hundred fat muttons,
at - 0 2 10 each.
Fifty-one great veales, at 0 4 8 each.
Thirty-four porkes, at - 0 3 3 each.
Ninety-one pigs, at - 0 0 6 each.
Capons of Greece ten
dozen, at - 0 1 8 each.
Capons of Kent nine
dozen and six, at 0 1 0 each.
Cocks of grose seven
dozen and nine, at - 0 0 8 each.
I 4 Cocks

£. s. d.

Cocks course, thirteen
dozen, at 8d. and 3d. - each

Pullets the best 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. each,
other pullets - 0 0 2 each.

Pidgeons thirty - seven
dozen, each dozen 0 0 2

Swans thirteen dozen.

Larks three hundred and

forty dozen, each doz. 0 0 5

Mr. Richardson and Charles after
conversing some time longer on the
subject, separated for the night.

entering their service, from the

Cocks, twelve, thirteen

dozen, at 8s. and 3s.

CHAP. XVII.

other pillars

Pigeons, thirty, seven

A good Man properly employed, and an

imperial Woman properly punished.

Talks three hundred and

to be done, each box

MR. RICHARDSON was not un-

mindful of his promise, and, accompa-

nied by Charles, reached Hampstead

before twelve. Mrs. Sidney and her

pupils had already that morning re-

ceived a visit from Rosa, who had stolen

a few minutes to inform them, that Mrs.

Smithson arrived at home the evening

before. The poor girl, with streaming

eyes, had thrown herself at their feet,

entreat-

15

CHAP.

entreating them to save her from the cruel fate that awaited her.

Mrs. Sidney had used her utmost efforts to inspire her with courage and confidence; and, dismissing her, promised to use her endeavours to release her in the course of a day or two.

In the interval between the departure of Rosa and the arrival of Mr. Richardson, the time had passed but heavily with the young people. Mary had seated herself in the window with a book, not in reality to read, but to watch for her father's approach. Bersey had also taken her book, but she performed her lesson so ill, that Mrs. Sidney chid her severely; when, bursting into tears, she said, "Pray, Mamma, don't be angry; I will learn two lessons to-morrow, but indeed I cannot remember one word to-day."

"to-day. Every time I begin to learn
 "it, poor Rosa comes into my head,
 "and makes me forget it all again." Mrs.
 "Indeed, Madam," said Mary, "if
 "you are in this instance displeased
 "with Betsey, I must divide your anger
 "with her, for I am equally inattentive;
 "I cannot read, nor can I think of any
 "thing but Rosa, I am so fearful of her
 "mistress causing her to be sent away."
 "My dear children," answered Mrs.
 "Sidney, "your excuses are too good
 "not to be admitted. Lay aside your
 "books; I exact no studies to-day."

At that moment Mr. Richardson's car-
 riage drove up to the door. Mary
 and Betsey were both too impatient to
 be ceremonious, and running to meet
 him, he entered the parlour holding a
 hand of each.

Mr. Richardson was soon apprised of what had passed; and, leaving his son to add to their party, he walked alone to Mrs. Smithson's.

On sending in his name, he was immediately admitted and politely received, the lady requesting to know his commands.

"My business, Madam," answered he, "may at the first view appear intruding; yet I trust you will excuse it when I confess my motives. I have a daughter and a little ward, both of whom have been and are much interested for a young Gentoo girl, who, if I mistake not, was servant to your late sister; and if any consideration could induce you to part with her, I should be happy to engage her."

Mrs. Smithson's complexion under-

went

went a change during this short address.

"If you mean Rosa, Sir," said she, "I

"will not sell her; she is an artful, de-

"signing girl, and I am resolved to send

"her back to India."

"As to buying her, Madam," an-

"swered Mr. Richardson, "I had no such

"intention. A compliment adequate

"to the inconvenience you might suf-

"fer by parting with her, I am willing

"to allow, be what it may, but I nei-

"ther buy nor sell my fellow-creatures."

The cold and dispassionate manner of

Mr. Richardson confused the lady. "She

"is my slave, Sir," said she, "and I

"will not part with her."

"Servant rather, I should suppose,

"Madam," answered he, "slavery, I

"thank God, does not exist in England.

"The young girl too, as I am in-

"formed, has received the seal of Christianity by baptism, and in consequence can plead her freedom by a double claim."

Mrs. Smithson could scarcely suppress her rage. "Give me leave, Sir, to tell you," said she, "that your interference in this case does not become a gentleman." "I confess," answered he with a smile, "that my behaviour in this case has more freedom than good manners in it; yet the necessity of the case requires it. You allow, you mean to send the girl back to India, which I understand she has a decided aversion to; and which excuses me when I say, I am resolved shall not be without her own consent. I again repeat, that I will make any compensation."

"sation you require, I thought not as
 "purchase money: she is already free;
 "and that freedom I am resolved to
 "secure to her."

Mrs. Smithson's reply was almost in-
 articulate with passion; the purport how-
 ever was, that she would expend a thou-
 sand pounds rather than, as she expressed
 it, be cheated out of Rosa, who had
 fallen to her in rights of her sister, who
 had died without a will.

Mr. Richardson's answer was devoid
 of passion, but plainly shewed that he
 was equally resolved to persevere in his
 purpose.

At that moment the servant announc-
 ed a gentleman; but Mrs. Smithson was
 too much out of temper to admit visitors,
 and therefore answered peevishly, that
 she would see no strangers that morning.

Mr.

Mr. Richardson had risen to depart, saying, he would expect her determination on the following morning, when the servant's answer to Mrs. Smithson made him resolve to delay his departure a few minutes longer.

"It is, Madam," said the footman, "Mr. Clarke, the clergyman; he says he must speak to you upon business of the utmost importance."

Mr. Clarke, who had followed the servant, almost immediately entered.

"Madam," said he, "I am sorry to intrude upon you; and yet more so that I was unfortunately absent at the good lady your sister's death. A

month before my departure she intrusted me with the inclosed sealed paper, it is her will; for at the same time she gave me a copy."

"A will,

"A will, Sir?" answered Mrs. Smithson; "my sister had no occasion for a will, she has no relation but myself."
"Of that, Madam, I am entirely ignorant; the will is in your sister's own hand-writing, and witnessed by two gentlemen of the first respectability in town; and as you have a friend present, with your permission I will read over to you the copy left unsealed in my hands."

Though Mrs. Smithson would willingly have prevented him, vexation and surprise rendered her incapable of effecting her purpose, and Mr. Clarke without farther preface began. The first bequest was five thousand pounds to Mrs. Smithson; the second, ten thousand to various charities; the third, fifty pounds to Mr. Clarke for his kind-

ness

ness in frequently praying with her; and the fourth, three hundred pounds to Rosa, for her fidelity and affection; at the same time giving her free liberty, and appropriating the money to have her taught some decent business, and afterwards to establish her therein.

Mr. Richardson was incapable of exulting over the fallen; he therefore turned aside, that he might not augment Mrs. Smithson's vexation by appearing to observe it.

"I will wait on you again to-morrow, Madam," said he; "when, I have no doubt, we shall perfectly agree upon the subject that brought me here."

"It will be better, Sir," answered Mrs. Smithson, recovering some of her usual haughtiness, "to remove the sub-

"ject"

"ject that brought you here at this pre-
"sent visit, for I do not wish to have it
"repeated. My sister has not used me
"well; and for her favourite Rosa, I
"have no desire of ever seeing her
"more: for from this hour she shall
"neither be sheltered nor fed in any
"house of mine."

"Will you favour me then, Madam,"
said he, "by giving one of your ser-
"vants orders to send her to Mrs.
"Sidney's?"

"I shall take no trouble on so in-
"significant a subject," answered she.

"I will call her then myself," said
he; "calm reflection will, I trust,
"make you consider my conduct in a
"different point of view. Mr. Clarke,
"I should be glad that you would
"call upon me, either at Mrs. Sidney's
"or

"or in Finsbury Square, in order to
 "advise what can best be done for
 "Rosa."

With these words Mr. Richardson
 gave him a card with his address, and
 left the apartment.

He next desired the footman to call
 the young Gentoo; which being com-
 plied with, he gave her in few words
 to understand, that she was to accompany
 him to Mrs. Sidney's—a piece of infor-
 mation that she received with the highest
 pleasure; and, with a light step, and a
 glad heart, she left the dwelling of her
 tyrannical mistress.

CHAP. XVIII.

Conclusion.

CHARLES, Mary, and Betsey were anxiously watching at the window, when at a distance they discovered Mr. Richardson and his young companion. All flew to meet him at the garden-gate, and received him with so many thanks and congratulations, and poor Rosa with so much kindness, that, as he could not reply to all the first, neither could she express the feelings the second gave rise to; but, in the warmth of her gratitude, kissed their hands and even their garments.

The first transports over, Mr. Richardson explained to her that she was free; and that her late mistress had left her a sum of money in order to enable her to gain a livelihood.

This information was received with a torrent of tears; and, sobbing, in her broken accent she replied, "Me no want money, Sir—me villing slave to good young lady. She give me meat—she give me clothes—me live, me die vid her." At that moment Mr. Clarke was announced.

Mr. Richardson received him as an old friend, and Mrs. Sidney was already well acquainted with him, as he had frequently prayed with Mrs. Montacute during her last illness.

The whole conversation turned on Rosa, and how to dispose of her as
nearly

nearly as possible to the will of her benefactors. At length it was unanimously agreed, that a year or two should be devoted to her instruction in reading, writing, sewing, and yet more particularly in teaching her the duties of that faith of which she had become a member; after which, as she would be yet young enough, she was to be taught the business she most approved.

This arrangement made, Mrs. Sidney entreated Mr. Clarke to fetch his lady to dine with them; an invitation he accepted, as her health was entirely restored.

The afternoon was passed with great cheerfulness; nor did the party separate till late in the evening.

The whole conversation turned on For nearly

For the present the young Gentoo was placed under the care of a respectable woman, who acted as Mrs. Sidney's housekeeper, and who cheerfully undertook the charge; Rosa, on her part, promising to be observant of her instructions.

Mrs. Sidney continued at Hampstead, where Miss Richardson usually resided with her. Though now possessed of affluence, the same simple dress, though of better materials, distinguished the good old lady. The table she kept was plentiful, but frugal; no waste was suffered in her household; nor was any suppliant sent empty from her gate: in short, she had suffered adversity with fortitude, and knew how to bear the

the reverse with moderation. From such a model much was to be hoped from the youthful Betsey, who by a careful education was speedily weaned from the evil habits that she had imbibed: no proper wish of her heart was left ungratified, nor was any error overlooked, by her cautious grand-mother, who never failed to reward her merits, and to punish severely her follies.

Mr. Richardson, gratified by the improvement of his son and daughter, and his heart elated with the prospect of their growing virtues, thought all his cares amply repaid. Had he been required to produce his treasures, like the famed Roman matron he would have presented his children; convinced that, of all earthly blessings bestowed by a

munificent Creator, no one can be more estimable than dutiful and virtuous children.

THE END.

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